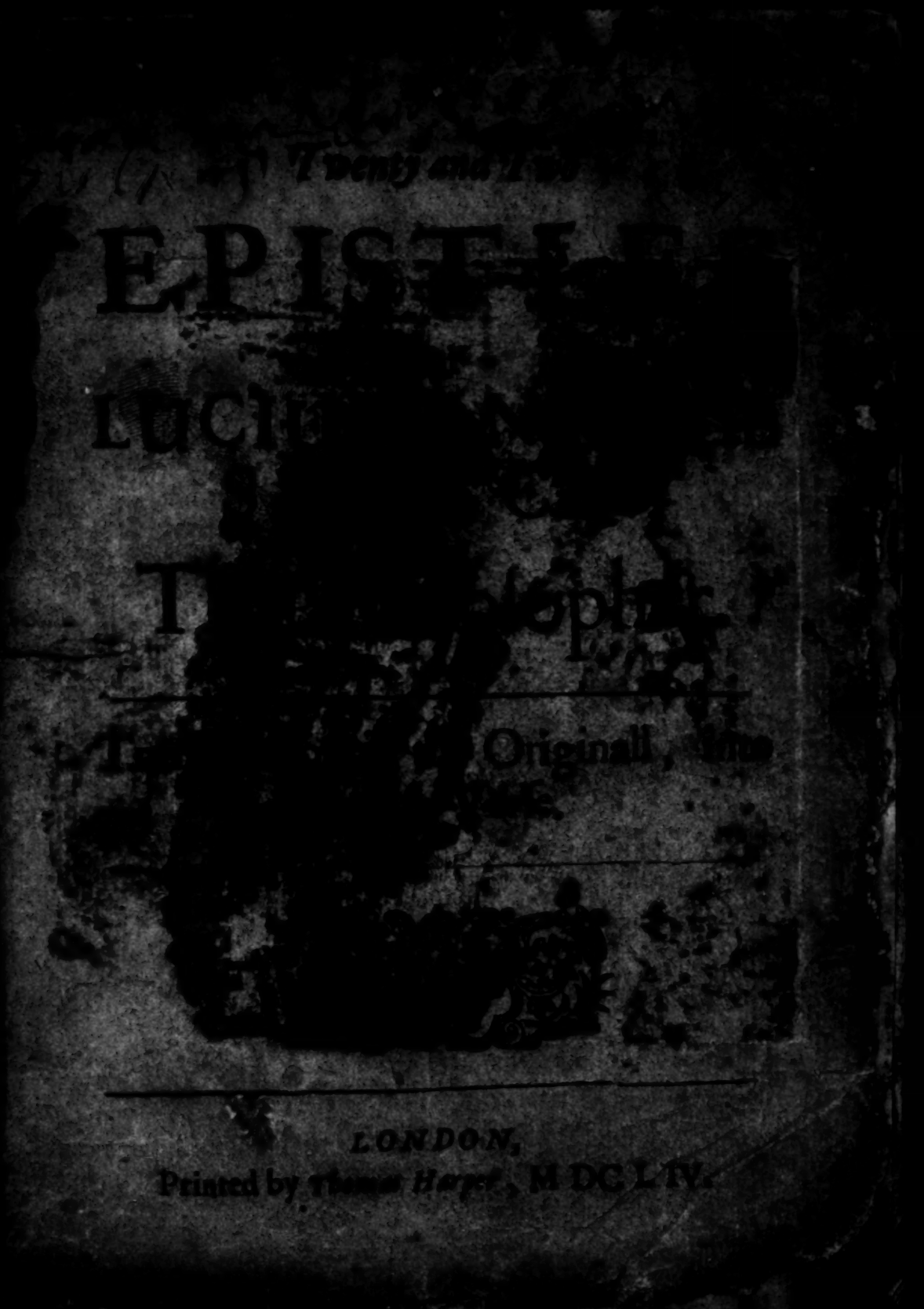

WILL
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To the Reader.

IT *is the opinion of ſome Criticks, that moſt of the Epiſtles of* Seneca, *though intitled to* Lucilius, *were not uſually ſent, or ſo intended: but were emergent conceptions in his Garden, Houſe, or Bed, for ſuch a Wit could no where be idle. And therefore being no continued diſcourſe, like his other Works, but confin'd to the brevity of Letters, which (as our Author ſayes)* ought not to fill the left hand of the Reader, *and being withall interweav'd with Philoſophicall Precepts, and Stoicall ſentences, it is not to bee ſuppos'd they can or ought to bee rendred in all parts with that fluency of Phraſe, which is requiſite in his* Conſolations, *and other Bookes of Deſigne. An exuberant Phanſie pent in a ſhort diſcourſe, is like waves of the Sea driven into a Creek, which role thick upon each other. Or like fire in a Furnace, the flame whereof, being, as it were, cruſh'd up together, cannot diſplay it ſelfe like that of a Pile. Yet how uſefull the Epiſtles are, heare what a learned Writer ſayes:* One Booke, one Epiſtle of *Seneca* is ſufficient to order and rectifie life, if men be willing to be reform'd. *And truly ſuch is the ſeverity of his admonitions, that what hath been ſaid of* Epictetus *is by ſome more properly aver'd of* Seneca. He that ſhall not be rous'd up with his acrimony, will hardly be corrected but at the Bar of Hell.

To the Reader.

EPISTLE I.

SO doe *Lucilius*, mind thine owne affaires,
And time that hitherto hath unawares
Been ſtoln, or ſnatcht, or elſe hath ſlipt away,
Collect, and keepe: believe 'tis as I ſay.
Some of our time is ſtoln, ſom ſnatcht, and ſom
Slips from us. But our ſhameful'ſt loſs does come
By negligence. Obſerve, and thou't find ſtill
Much of our time is ſpent in doing ill,
The greateſt part in doing nothing, all
In doing what's not ours. Whom canſt thou call
To minde that value's time? that life does prize
Or who condſiers that he dayly dies?
We err in thinking Death makes little haſt:
Whereof a great part is already paſt:
Our whole remaine of life is in deaths power.
Then doe *Lucilius* as thou writ'ſt: each houre
Embrace: if thou't the preſent apprehend,
Thou wilt the leſſe on the next day depend.
Life while it is defer'd, is in its flight.
All other things are borrow'd: we have right
Onely to time: this ſlipprie thing alone
Nature hath giv'n us in poſſeſſion:
Whereof moſt men deprive us as they liſt.
But wee in ſo great folly doe perſiſt,
That we for ſmall, and vile things, alwayes ſuch
As are reparable, thinke our ſelves much
Engag'd: whereas not any one conceaves
That he's a whit in debt who time receaves;

When that's the onely thing that never can
Be recompenc'd, by the moſt gratefull man.
Thou't aske perhaps, what I doe, who to thee
Preſcribe theſe things? I will heerein be free:
As one thats prodigall but diligent,
I keepe a true account of what is ſpent.
I cannot ſay that I doe nothing loſe,
But what, and when, and how I can diſcloſe,
And give the reaſons of my poverty.
But I may well to my owne ſelfe apply
What happen's unto many, who are brought
To indigence not by their owne defaut,
All pity, none relieve's. What is then?
I do not conceave them to be poore men,
Whom whatſoere remaines ſuffices. Yet
I'd rather thou ſhould'ſt keepe what thou doſt get,
And ſoone begin to husband what's thine owne:
For as our Anceſtors to us have ſhone
I'th bottom 'tis too late of thrift t' adviſe:
For both the leaſt, and worſt it'h bottome lies.

EPIST. II.

BY what thou writ'ſt me, and by what I heare,
I have good hope of thee. Thou do'ſt forbeare
To wander too and fro, and by the change
Of thy abodes, thee from thy reſt eſtrange.
This toſſing up and downe notes a ſicke minde.
The ſureſt argument that I can find
Of a ſound judgement, is t'have power to ſtay,
And with one's ſelfe abide. But by the way
Take heed the reading ſuch variety
Of Authors, and of Bookes, doe not implie

A kind of wandring lightneſſe: thou had'ſt need
To dwell on ſome mens wit, and thereon feed:
If thou deſireſt to draw from thence that good
Which ſhould be fixt, and throughly underſtood,
He's no where that is every where. And as
It fare's for the moſt part with them which paſſe
Their time in travell, making that their ends,
They meet with many hoſts, but with few friends.
So muſt it needs befall them, who apply
Themſelves to no mans wit familiarly,
But haſtily run over all. The meat
Does' us no good, which we no ſooner eat,
But preſently caſt up againe: and ſtore
Of remedies retard our health the more.
A wound dreſt diverſly comes not to' a ſcar:
Plants proſper not that oft removed are:
And ther's not ſo commodious a thing,
That curſorily us'd can profit bring.
Variety of Bookes diſtracts the mind.
And therefore ſince thou canſt not leaſure finde
To read all that thou haſt, it will ſuffice
To have what thou canſt read. But heerein lies
Much pleaſure, thou wilt ſay now to reſort
To this booke, then to that. It does purport
A feeble ſtomacke to taſt many meates,
The great diverſity whereof begets
Corruption, and not good nouriſhment,
To approv'd Authors then be moſt intent:
And if perchance thou ſometimes doſt deſire
To looke on others, to the firſt retire,
'Gainſt poverty, 'gainſt death get every day
Some muniments, the like againſt the ſway

And

Of other ills. And when th'haſt fully gon
Ore many things, be ſure to cull out one
Which the ſame day thou mayſt concoct. I tread
This path my ſelfe: of many things I read,
I faſten ſtill on ſome. 'Tis this dayes gaine
Which I from *Epicurus* did obtaine:
For I to others tents uſe to paſs over,
Not as a fugitive, but to diſcover.
Glad poverty 's an honeſt thing, ſayes hee.
If it be glad it is not povertie.
For he that povertie with conſtant minde
Can beare, is rich. Nor can we juſtly find
Him to be poor that little hath, he's poor
Who is not ſatisfi'd, but covets more.
What matter 'iſt how much our cheſts contain,
What ſtore of corne does in our barnes remain,
What herds of cattel in our paſtures feed,
What mony w' have at uſe, if we proceed
To ſeek what's other men's? If we deſire
Not what we have, but what we may acquire?
But would'ſt thou know what mean in riches lies?
Firſt what is needfull, next what does ſuffice.

EPIST. III.

THou writ'ſt a Letter, as thou ſaiſt, by a friend,
And therin alſo doſt a caution ſend,
Not to leave all thy ſecrets to his truſt,
For 'tis not us'd by thee. So that thou doſt
Him in the very ſame Epiſtle call
Thy friend, and yet denyeſt it withall.
Thou tak'ſt that firſt word in the vulgar ſence,
And cal'ſt him freind, as *Candidates* from thence

Are ſtil'd good men: and as when one we meet,
Whoſe name we cannot hit on, him we greet
With this term, Sir. Let that paſs. But if thou
Think'ſt thou maiſt any for thy friend avow,
And yet on him not as much truſt confer
As on thy ſelfe, thou doſt extreamly erre,
And not to the full worth true friendſhip prize.
In all things therefore with thy Friend adviſe:
But firſt conſult on him. We ſhould not ſpare
To truſt when friendſhip's made: we muſt beware
Before't be done. But they theſe duties mix
Confuſedly, who their affections fix
'Gainſt *Theophraſtus* rule, ere they have ground:
And love not after they have reaſon found.
Conſider long, whether thou ſhould'ſt admit
One to thy friendſhip; having found him fit,
Take him into thy breſt, as freely impart
To him, as to thy ſelfe, what's in thy heart.
Hows'ever live thou ſo, as not to feare
Thy foe ſhould of thy actions witneſs beare.
But becauſe ſome things oftentimes ariſe,
Which a familiar truſt makes ſecrecies,
Let thy friend all thy cares, all thy thoughts know:
Thou't make him faithfull if thou think'ſt him ſo.
For many fearing fraud do fraud invite:
And by miſtruſt give other men a right
T'offend. Why ſhould I then a word ſuppreſs
Before my friend? or with him think I'm leſs
Alone, then with my ſelfe? ſome men unfold
To all they meet what onely ſhould be told
To friends: and what concerns them moſt, expoſe
To ev'ry eare. Some againe doubt ev'n thoſe

They have in moſt eſteeme: and if they could,
Locking all ſecrets in their breſt, they would
Conceale them from themſelves. Wee muſt do nei-
For both are alwayes to be cenſurd, either (ther.
To credit all, or none. But th' one is ſure
A fault more candid, th' other more ſecure.
So mayeſt thou tax both them that never
Are quiet, and them that are quiet ever.
For 'tis not to be called induſtrie
To take delight in turmoyles, but a high
Tumultuouſneſſe of minde: nor is it reſt
Which ev'ry kind of motion does moleſt,
But languiſhment. Take then into thy thought
What I have from *Pamponius* beene taught:
To darkneſſe ſome themſelves ſo much inure,
That all that's in the light they think obſcure.
Theſe ſhould be intermixt, and by compact
In acting we ſhould reſt, in reſting act.
Conſult with Nature, ſhe will guide thee right,
And tell thee ſhe hath made both day, and night.

EPIST. IV.

PRoceed as th' haſt begun, and make what haſt
Thou canſt, that thou the longer mayſt
Enioy a well-reform'd, and compos'd minde:
And truly that inioyment thou wilt find
Even while thou doſt reforme, even while thou doſt
Compoſe. But yet that other pleaſur's moſt
To be eſteem'd, that from a minde proceeds,
Wherin no impure thought, or motion breeds.
Thinke but what ioy thou hadſt, when laying down
The robe of youth, thou didſt aſſume the gown,

And

And wert allowd to plead. Expect far more,
When having all thy childish thoughts giv'n ore,
The knowledge of Philosophie shall then
Bring thee into the fellow-ship of men:
For hitherto not only we possesse
Childhood, but what 's more grievous, childishnes.
And worse indeed than that, we gravely sit
Like old men, yet the errors doe commit
Of children, nay of infants; these at light,
They at false things, but we at both take fright.
Then go thou on, and somthings will appeare
Lesse to be fear'd, because they bring much feare.
No evill is the greatest that is last.
Death comes, and we therat might be agast
If it could stay with us, but this is sure,
It either will not come, or not indure.
But thou wilt say, it is a rigid thing,
That wee our lives to slight, our minds should bring,
Dost thou not see upon what slender ground
Life is dispis'd by many? one is found
Himselfe t'have strangled at a wenches dore
Meerly for love: an other man, before
His Masters wrath he'd longer undergo,
From the house top himselfe did headlong throw:
A third, that fled away, himselfe hath slaine,
Rather than he would be brought back againe.
Thinke not but vertue may effect as much
As needlesse feare. Life's not secure to such
As use too great endeavour to prolong
The date therof: accounting it among
Their great good-fortunes, that th'have liv'd to see
So many Consulls. Our sole care should bee

With full resolved mindes our life to leave;
Which many hold as fast, and strictly cleave
Thereto, as men grasp Brires, and Thorns, when they
Are by a furious torrent born away.
Man for the most part miserably tosses
Himselfe, 'tween fear of death, and frequent crosses
Of life: and though he lives unwillingly,
Yet notwithstanding knows not how to die,
The way to make life pleasant then to us,
Is not to be thereof solicitous.
No good can the possessor please, unless
His minde to leave it be in readiness;
And we can part with nothing with less paine,
Than what once lost cannot be wish'd again.
Wherefore perswade thy selfe to be prepar'd,
To fare but as the greatest men have far'd,
A Pupil and an Eunuch *Pompey*'s head
Commanded: a fierce Parthian his rage fed
With *Crassus* bloud: and *Lepidus* his neck
Submitted was at *Caius Cæsar*'s beck
To *Decius* the Tribune: and his own
Left to *Chærea*. Fortune hath rais'd none
To so great height, to whom her menaces
Have been inferior to her promises,
Doe not on this tranquility relie,
The Sea does change in twinkling of an eye:
And oftentimes a ship, the very day
'Tis flatter'd with a calme, is cast away.
Think that a Thiefe, or foe his sword may set
Against thy breast; and lest there should be yet
A greater power wanting, there's no slave,
But of thy life the full command may have.

For this is sure, whosoever does resigne
The care of his owne life, is Lord of thine.
If to those Presidents thou'c have recourse
Which by close wiles, or open fraud, or force
Have perish'd, thou wilt finde the wrath of Slaves
T'have brought as many people to their graves,
As that of Kings. What is it then to thee
In what authority or pow'r they be
Whom thou dost feare? since there is none but may
Act what thou fear'st. What if thy foe shall lay
Hands on thee accidentally, that foe
Will onely send thee where thou wert to goe;
Do not deceive thy selfe, but think that thou
Didst alwayes suffer, what thou suffer'st now.
I tell thee from the houre thou first took'st breath,
Thou hast been dayly going towards death.
These, and the like we often must revolve,
If we on that last houre will well resolve:
The feare whereof makes carefulness attend
On all the rest. But that I may now end
My letter, take what hath contentment bred
In me to day, and this I gathered
Out of an others Orchard. *'Tis great Treasure,*
when poverty with natures Law keeps measure.
This Law of nature what it is, behold,
To keep our selves from hunger, thirst and cold.
If we meer thirst and hunger would prevent,
We need not great mens Pallaces frequent,
Nor suffer a proud looke, or an affront
That hath a shew of favour put upon't.
We need not run the hazard of the Seas,
Nor of the wars, that's to be had with ease.

Which nature askes. Wee labour for exceſſe,
'Tis that weares our our gownes with ſervileneſſe:
Makes us grow old under a tent: and throwes
Us on ſtrange coaſts. Sufficient near hand grows.

EPIST. V.

THat thou do'ſt ſtudie with ſuch conſtancy,
And all things elſe being by thee layd-by,
That thou do'ſt wholly aime at this one end,
How thou mayſt dayly learne thy ſelfe to mend,
I both approve, and alſo much rejoyce:
And that thou wouldſt perſever in thy choice
Not onely I exhort thee, but entreat.
Yet notwithſtanding I muſt not forget
To give thee warning to forbeare what may
Or in thy habit, or thy life bewray
A humor in thee to bee ſingular:
Like thoſe, who to be gaz'd on take more care,
Than to bee good. Forbeare thou to affect
Rude garbes: a head un-ſhorn: or through neglect
A beard grown rough: an enmity profeſt
T'weene mony and thee: a couch whereon to reſt
Spred on the ground: or whatſoere beſide
Is courted in a perverſe way by pride.
The very name of a Philoſopher,
Though nere ſo meeke, will envy enough confer.
What if to live retir'd we ſhall begin?
We may diſſent in all that lies within,
But greet the people with a cheerfull face,
Let not our gown be ſplendid, nor yet baſe.
Let's not deſire t'have plate with gold in-layd.
Yet let it not an argument be made

Of thrift, that wee both gold, and ſilver want.
We to our ſelves may this compliance grant
With common people, that our lives ſhould be
Better then theirs, but yet not contrarie.
For otherwiſe we thoſe ſhall from us ſcare
Whom wee'd allure: and ſince they do deſpaire
T' imitate us in all things, they'll refuſe
To follow us in any. This accrews
As the firſt good reapt by Philoſophie,
Publicke accord joynd with humanity:
The benefit whereof we needs muſt loſe
If difference in manners interpoſe.
Let's ſee if't be not vaine, and odious,
Which wee ſo much deſire ſhould draw on us
Men's admiration. Sure 'tis our intent
To live according unto nature's bent.
But this is contrary, to macerate
Our bodies, and cheape cleanlineſſe to hate:
To affect rudneſſe, and on meats to feed
Not onely vile, but noyſome, ſuch as breed
A loathing. For, as it is luxurie
To covet curious diſhes. So to flie
The uſuall meats, and ſuch as may be bought
At eaſy rates, is madneſſe to be thought.
Philoſophy requires frugalitie,
Not puniſhment: for neatneſſe may comply
With thriftineſſe. This mean gives mee content,
When life's 'tween good, and publike manners ſpent.
Let men admire our life, but know it too.
What then, muſt wee do that which others doe?
Muſt we from them in nothing differ? Yes,
In many things. Let him that careſull is

T'ob-

T' observe, and looke more nearely on't; know
Wee differ from the people. They that goe
Into our houses, should find cause enough
To view us, rather than our houshold-stuffe.
He's noble, who can earthen vessels use
As they were silver: nor can we refuse
Him the like honour, who finds no more worth
In those of Silver, than in those of earth.
Not to be able riches to possesse
In the right way, shews the minds feebleneſſe.
I'll now impart what I have learn'd this day
From *Heraton*, to throw our lusts away
Will remedie our feares. *Do thou forbeare*
To hope, (says he) *and thou't desist from fear.*
But thou wilt aske how these things can agree,
And stand together, that so different be?
'Tis so, *Lucilius*, though there seeme a maine
Dissent, yet they are joynd. For as one chaine
Couples the prisoner and his keeper, so
These which are different together go:
Fear follows hope: nor do I thereat wonder:
Both lean upon suspension, both lie under
The care of future things. But the best reason
Of both, is, we do nothing in fit season,
Mind not the present, but our thoughts defer.
And therefore we herein extreamely err,
Turning to ill, man's chiefe good, Providence:
Beasts flie the danger obvious to their sense,
And scaping are secure: man lookes upon
With troubled mind, not onely what is gon,
But even with what's to come himselfe torments.
Our best gifs hurt us, memory presents,

And

And providence anticipates the paine,
Which we from our continuall feare ſuſtaine.
No man is wretched onely in the ill
That preſent is; doubt makes him wretched ſtill.

EPIST. VI.

I Know it (my *Lucilius*) to be trew
That I'm not onely improv'd, but molded new:
Yet t'is not to be promiſd, or expected
That I have nothing left to be corrected.
Rather how can it poſſibly be thought
But that I yet have many things which ought
To be amended? ſome I muſt augment,
And ſome diminiſh? t'is an argument
Our mind's reform'd, when we the faults diſcrie
Which formerly in us conceald did lie.
There is ſome hope in many ſickneſſes
To know w' are ſicke. I therefore would expreſſe
To thee my ſudden change, and reape this good
To have our friendſhip throughly underſtood.
A friendſhip which no hope, or feare can ever
Divide, nor thought of private profit ſever.
That, both with which, and for which men do die;
Although there be too many that relie
More upon friends, than friendſhip: which fault
From want of equall will to honeſt things, (ſprings
For all things ſhould be common by the tie
Of friendſhip, but chiefly adverſitie.
Thou canſt not thinke what profit every day
I gather to my ſelfe. But thou wilt ſay,
Send me thoſe things which ſo important be?
I willingly would powre them into thee.

For I rejoyce to learne that I may teach,
And there is naught can fall within the reach
Of my desires, that I would know alone:
If wisdome were on this condition
To be bestowed on me, that I should make it
Known to no other, truly I would not take it.
Without a partner there is no content
In any thing, though ne're so excellent.
Therefore the Bookes themselves to thee Il'e send
And that thou mayst not too much labour spend
To reape that benefit thou dost desire,
I'le note those things I phansie, and admire,
That thou mayst sooner find them. But yet know,
More good will from discourse, than reading grow.
Thou therefore must upon the place appeare,
Both because men trust more the eye, than eare:
And that the way by precepts is about,
But by examples short, and of lesse doubt.
Cleanthes, had he onely *Zeno* heard,
And not familiarly with him conferr'd,
Whereby he might his course of life observe,
And see he did not from his owne rules swerve,
Had not so well resembl'ed him. Nor yet
Could *Plato*, *Aristotle*, and all the great
Authours of various Sects have so expresst
Grave *Socrates* from words, as from the test
Of his knowne manners. The societie
Of *Epicurus* did more magnifie
Poli ænus, *Metrodorus*, *Hermarcus*,
Than did his School. 'Tis therefore fit for us
T'instruct as well as learne, that we may grow
Mutually helpfull. Mean time, 'cause I owe

To thee a dayly rent, accept a boone.
That I receiv'd to day from *Hesiod*:
Dost thou inquire what I have gain'd? said he,
I've learn'd a friend to my own selfe to be.
For he improves, and cannot bee alone,
A friend t' himselfe, is so to ev'ry one.

EPIST. VII.

DOst thou inquire what thou shouldst chiefly shun?
The multitude. Thou mightst a hazard run,
If thou shouldst venture on it yet. For I
Must needs acknowledge this infirmitie,
The manners which I carry with me thither
I bring back seldome. For I finde that either
Some thing's disturb'd which setled was before:
Or part of that returns I had giv'n-o're.
As some Diseases so our strength impaire,
That though we mend, yet brought into the aire,
We presently relapse: so happens it
To us, whose mindes after a tedious fit
Are comforted; for publick entercourse
Renews our malady, and makes it worse.
In a great multitude there is scarce one,
But by discourse, or conversation,
Or by a dangerous example will
When we least think on't, tempt us to some ill.
By how much greater the Assembly is,
So much the danger's greater. And know this,
That nothing does good manners more oppose,
Then to be present at our publick showes.
For Vices there in to us easilier steal
By that delight. And that I may reveale

My meaning plainly: I returne from thence
More covetous, more proud, and more propense,
To Luxury. Nay further, I grow then
More inhumane, because I was with men.
Falling by chance upon a mid-day fight,
I look'd for sport, and wit, and that which might
Afford some mild refreshment to mens eyes,
Which in the morning with strange cruelties
Inhumanly were fed. But loe I found
The contrary. For ev'ry former wound
Was mercy. Now all sport b'ing laid aside,
These are meer murthers: no man does provide
Any defence: their bodies being quite
Uncover'd, not one stroke in vaine does light.
Yet many thither goe, and like it far
'Bove common sword-fights, or those shews that are
Demanded by the people. Would you know
The cause? here are no arms to save a blow.
What needs a Helmet, or a Fencers skill?
Those delay death, and make men slowly kill.
Men in the morning are to beasts expos'd:
And if they scape, they are at noon inclos'd
With fierce beholders, who in sport ordaine
Victors to be o're-come, and slayers slaine.
The end is sword, fire, death: and this is don
But while there is an intermission
Of other Spectacles, and is excusd;
B'ing men condemn'd, they ought to be so usd.
This deserves death for stealing, that for killing:
But wretch what do'st thou merit to be willing
To behold this? to heare the people cry
Strike, burn, and kill: who, pleasd with cruelty,

Are

Are not aſhamed to aske, why this ſo fears
To ruſh upon the ſword; why that forbeares
To kill with daring confidence: and why
A third ſhewes ſuch unwillingneſſe to die.
Stroakes provoke wounds, and every mutuall blow
Lights on their naked breſts; and though the ſhow
Be intermitted, rather than ſit ſtill,
And nothing ſee, men muſt each other kill.
On then, and find ill preſidents ſharp rods
To them that make them: thank th' immortall gods,
That you with ſo much induſtry have ſought
To make him cruell, who cannot be taught.
A tender wit, and not accuſtom'd much
To conſtant wayes, muſt be withdrawn from ſuch
Publick aſſemblies. For what many doe
T'will be ſoone and eaſily brought unto.
In frequent meetings where are various
And different minds, *Cato*, and *Lælius*,
And *Socrates* himſelfe might have bin ſhaken.
And therefore none of us, though we have taken
Strong reſolutions, can withſtand the lewd
Temptations of a vicious multitude.
For one example either of avarice,
Or prodigality will much intice.
One curious gueſt will make us by degrees
Effeminate and wanton. He that ſees
His neighbour rich, grows covetous: and none
Can entertaine a lewd companion,
But he though honeſt will bee quickly tainted.
What therefore will they be who are acquainted
With multitudes? or what ſecure defence
Can there be made gainſt publick violence?

Thou muſt perforce or imitate or ſhun.
But neither of them both ought to be don:
Leſt thou grow like the bad, becauſe th' are many:
Or many oppoſe, becauſe th' art not like any.
Into thy ſelfe, in what thou mayſt, retire:
Keepe company with thoſe that do deſire
To make thee better: and thoſe men admit,
Whom thou maiſt mend, and to thy manners fit.
Theſe things are mutually perform'd, and men
Learn while they each. There is no reaſon then,
That thou, to ſhew thy knowledge ſhouldſt diſpute,
Or publickely repeat. That well might ſute
If thou wert like the people: but ther's none
Will underſtand thee; if perchance ſome one
Or other there be found deſires to learne,
Him thou muſt forme thy meaning to diſcerne.
But thou wilt ſay, for whom, or to what uſe
Learnd I thoſe things? there needs not an excuſe
Of labour loſt, the fruit of all thy paines
In what th' haſt learnd, to thine owne uſe remaines.
Yet leſt that I ſhould ſeem t' have learnd to day
But to my ſelfe, I will before thee lay
Three worthy ſentences, all which com neare
Our preſent purpoſe: one whereof ſhall cleare
The debt this letter owes thee: th'other two
Shall likewiſe pay a debt before 'tis due.
That of *Democritus* ſhall firſt be ſhown.
One is as all to me, and all as one.
He alſo whoſoe're he was, ſaid well,
For who the Authour was we cannot tell;
This queſtion being ask'd him, to what end
Thoſe Sciences, which few could apprehend,

He

He ſtudi'd wit h ſuch induſtry. *To mee*
Few are enough, or one, or none, ſaid he.
The third is noble. *Epicurus* writ
To one of the companions of his wit,
And us'd theſe words; *I ſend theſe things to thee,*
Not unto many: for t' each other we
Are a full Theatre. I thee adviſe
To hoord (*Lucilius*) theſe: thou't then diſpiſe
The pleaſures that are moſt approv'd. What though
Many commend thee, thou art bound to owe
Thy prayſes to thy ſelfe? If thou be'ſt one
Whom many like, thy inward goods make known.

EPIST. VIII.

THou bid'ſt me flie the rout, ſaiſt thou, and thence
Departing, reſt with mine owne conſcience.
Where are thoſe Precepts then which recommend
A life to us, that muſt in action end?
What? think'ſt thou I the mean while idle ſit?
That I to others may bring benefit,
I both with-draw, and ſhut my doors: no day
From me in idleneſs does paſs away.
I alſo ſpend a good part of the night
In ſtudie: and I ſeldome ſleep invite,
But ſtay untill it ſeize on me; and when
My weari'd eies begin to cloſe, I then
Continue them in action. My receſs
Is not from men alone, but buſineſſes,
And chiefly from mine owne, for I prepare
The worke of future ages, and declare
What will to them bring pr. fit, I preſent
In writing admonitions, which are meant

As ſafe, and wholeſome medicines, which I
Have oft found uſefull in extremity.
And though my wounds are not therby quite cur'd:
Yet being now more eaſily endur'd,
The'are kept at leaſt from feſtring. The right way,
From which with wearineſs I long did ſtray,
Having now found, I t'others ſhew: and crie
All that is pleaſing to the vulgar, flie.
Shun all that fortune offers: look upon
All worldly goods with a ſuſpicion.
Wild Beaſts and Fiſhes are deceiv'd with baits.
Counts thou thoſe Fortunes gifts? they are deceits.
A happy life by none can be enjoy'd,
Unleſs he ſtrive thoſe bird-lime gifts t'avoid:
By which we alſo are made wretched, thus,
We think that we have them, but they have us.
They lead us to a precipice and all
That riſe too high, are lifted up to fall.
Nor is it poſſible to diſobey,
VVhen riches drive us out of the right way.
Flie then, or ſtand upright: them who do ſo
Fortune may ſift or ſhake, but not o'rethrow.
Remember alſo this ſafe courſe t'obſerve,
T'allow thy body what may onely ſerve
To maintaine health. And ſometimes it muſt find
Harſh uſage leſt it diſobey thy mind.
Let meat thy hunger ſwage, drink thy thirſt ſlake,
Let cloth's keep thee from cold, and do thou make
Thy houſe thy bodie's ſhelter. Take no thought
Whether't be built of Turfe, or Marble, brought
From other Countries: men may be as well (ſwell
Cover'd with Thatch as Gold. Thoſe things which

With too much coſt and pride, thou muſt neglect,
And nothing in thee but thy minde reſpect;
To which b'ing great, no other thing ſeems great.
If this both to my ſelfe I doe repeat,
And to poſteritie, wilt not appear,
That I more uſefull am, than if I were
A ſurety, or a witneſs to a will,
Or to a friend my promiſe did fulfill
In the aſſiſtance of my hand, or vote
To his preferment? this for truth I'le note,
Some ſeeming to doe nothing, great things doe:
Such as belong to earth, and heaven too.
But that I may conclude, and as a debter,
Pay what I uſe to doe in ev'ry letter,
Which ſhall not iſſue out of mine own purſe,
But *Epicurus* ſhall the ſame diſburſe:
This ſentence I in him did read to day,
If thou true freedome woulds enjoy, obay
Phyloſophy, ſubjection to her
Doth liberty without delay conferr,
*And quickly gives the * turn*: for that alone
Is freedome. But perhaps this queſtion
Will in the meane time be propounded, why
I thus quote *Epicurus*, and paſſe by
Our Country-men? But wherfore ſhouldſt not thou,
Such words, as publicke ſentences allow?
Doe not the Poets many things declare,
Which by the beſt Philoſophers or are,
Or ſhould be ſpoken? I'll not mention make
Of our Dramatick Poems, they pertake
Of ſom auſteritie, and are a meane
Betwene the Tragick and the Comick Scene.

* Manumiſſion.

Among the Mimikes, what brave words are found?
And how doe *Publius* his works abound,
With what does not the socke alone best,
But what the tragicke buskin might admit?
One of whose verses that Philosophie
Concernes, and for our present purpose, I
Will heer remember, wherin he denies
That we have share in casualities;
What s'ever comes by wishing, is not ours.
I also call to minde a verse of yours,
Much better, and more neer to our designe:
That is not thine, which fortune hath made thine.
Marke what is better yet, I've heard thee say,
What may be given, may be tane away.
I doe not reckon this a payment, none
Can think to pay a debt with what's thine one.

EPIST. IX.

THou do'st desire to know, if *Epicure*
In one of his Epistls, upon sure
And iust grounds censures them, who doe maintaine,
That a wiseman does with himselfe remaine
Contented, and in that respect needs not a friend.
Hee about this with *Stilpo* does contend
And others, who the chiefe good have confind
Unto a mere impassiveneesse of mind.
But it may be ambiguous, if wee
Think to expresse the Greeke word *Apathie*,
In this one word of ours, *impatience*.
For that may carry a far diffrent sence
From what is meant by us. We intend one
Who throws from him the apprehension

Of evills: wheras that word may implie
An absolute impassibilitie.
See if it be not better thus expresst,
A man that with no evill is opresst,
Than sensible of none. We disagree
In this, our wiseman, though the Victorie
Over all evills hee obtaines, yet still
Hee feels them too, but theirs ev'n feels no ill.
We to each other have thus far consented,
That a wiseman is with himselfe contented.
Though he can satisfie himself alone,
Hee'll have a neighbor, friend, companion.
Mark how he this contentment does divide,
For he both with himselfe is satisfi'd,
And with apart therof: as when a foe,
Or sicknesse by som humor, or som blow
Deprives him of a hand: or when an eye
Is put out by some casualitie,
He is content with what to him is left,
And is as chearfull when he's so bereft
As when he was intire. Though he would faine
Have kept them, yet he seekes them not againe
Being once lost. So does a wiseman rest
Contented with himselfe; not that 'tis best
To live without a friend, but that he may:
And by that word I would more plainly say,
He a friends losse bears with a constant minde,
For him without a freind, we nere shall find.
Tis in his power that damage to supplie:
If *Phidias* lose a statue, presently
He'll make another. Tis that can create
Friendships, when he's depriv'd of one, can straight

Reſtore that loſſe. But thou wilt ask me how?
I'le tell thee, on condition thou't allow
Of this agreement, that therby the debt
Which this Epiſtle owes thee be out ſet.
Shall I, ſayes *Hecaton*, *on thee beſtow*
A philter, which it's vertue ſhall not ow
To herbes and charmes, but ſhall it ſelfe approve
If thou deſir'ſt to be beloved, love.
For we are not more pleaſd in the full act
Of friendſhip, than while we the ſame contract.
And looke what difference we may ſuppoſe
To be 'tween him that reaps, and him that ſowes.
The ſame's 'tweene him that hath already knit
Friendſhip, and him that is preparing it.
It pleaſes more ſayd *Attalus* that grave
Philoſopher, *to make freinds than to have.*
Paynters to paynt much more deligted are,
Than to haue painted: for their ſtudious care
In working gives them very great content:
But having finiſhed, and their phanſies ſpent,
The fruit indeed of th' art is then injoyd,
But th' art it ſelfe is, while the hands imployd.
Our childrens youth more uſefull is, but yet
Their infancie does more delight beget.
But to return to what we firſt propounded.
Although a wiſe man can be wholly bounded
Within himſelfe, yet he deſires a friend:
If for no other, yet for this ſole end
That he may practiſe amitie, and not
Let ſuch a ſpeciall vertue be forgot.
Not for the reaſons *Epicurus* gave
In that Epiſtle, that he one may have

T'aſſiſt

T'assist him when he's fal'n into decay,
Or is restraind, or sick: but that he may
Have one whom he in sickness may relieve,
Or from a deadly enemie reprieve.
Who minds himselfe, and for that cause embraces
A mutuall friendship, he the same disgraces.
As he began so will he end. He chose
A friend in whom his trust he might repose
In his restraint. No sooner shall the chaine
Rattle, but he is gone. This is the vaine
Frindship, which people temporie call.
So long he will be welcome as he shall
Be profitable. And therefore friends flock round
'Bout them who with prosperity abound:
But leave them who grow poore to sit alone:
Such friends when trial comes are quickly gone.
Of this we find examples ev'ry day:
Some their friends leave for fear, and some betray.
The end with the beginning must agree.
If any have begun a friend to bee,
Because 'tis needfull: or if he suppose
That if any fit reward of friendship growes
But in it selfe alone, 'twill not *be hard*
To make him against friendship take reward.
Why do I seek a friend? because that I
May then have one with whom I'de wish to die:
Or else accompany to banishment:
Or with mine owne I may his death prevent.
What thou describ'st not friendship is, but trade.
He that mindes profit, will himselfe perswade,
To look no further. Between amity
And Lovers passions there's some sympathy:

Which we may call mad friendſhip. Yet ther's none
Will love for gain, or for ambition.
Love of it ſelfe, all other things neglecting,
Allures the minde of men to the affecting
Of ſuch a ſeeming beauty, hoping withall
That this affection will be mutuall.
What then? can lewd effects of luſt agree
With a good cauſe? But here thou't anſwer mee,
The queſtion is not whether friendſhip ought
For it owne ſelfe or ſomething elſe be ſought.
If for it ſelfe in ought to be deſir'd,
He may injoy it that can live retir'd
Contented with himſelfe. But how may he
Enjoy it? as a thing of excellency:
And muſt approach it with a minde unſhaken,
With change of Fortune, or with lucre taken.
He deprives friendſhip of her Majeſty,
That ſeeks her onely for proſperity.
A wiſe man's with himſelfe content. But this
By ſome, *Lucilius*, perverted is.
They a wiſe man too much reſtrain, and think
That he into his skin ſhould alwaies ſhrink.
We muſt diſtinguiſh, and this ſenſe allow:
A wiſe man's with himſelfe content; but how?
To live in happineſs, but not, to live.
For many things muſt him aſſiſtance give
In this, whereas to that is requiſite
Only a minde that keeps it ſelfe upright,
And contemns fortune. The diſtinction
Cryſippus makes, muſt here be look't upon.
A wiſe man needs nor any thing, although
He ſtands in need of many. But we know

On th'other ſide a fool does nothing want,
And yet wants all, by reaſon he hath ſcant
The uſe of any thing. A wiſe man needs
Hands, eyes, and ev'ry other thing that feeds
The being of this life. A wiſe man's ſtate
Needs nothing. For to need does intimate
Neceſſitie: and this we muſt denie,
That any wiſe man's in neceſſity.
Though with himſelfe he then be ſatisfi'd,
Yet he needs friends and many would provide.
Not that he may get happineſs thereby,
For he without friends can live happily;
The chief good to no outward help pretends,
But reſts at home, and on it ſelfe depends.
If of it ſelfe but any part be ſought
Out of it ſelfe, 'tis ready to be brought
To obay Fortune. What condition then
Of life, will that be of a wiſe man, when
Committed to ſome priſon, he's bereft
Of friends: or elſe in ſome ſtrange Countrey left?
Or held in a long Voyage: or giv'n o're
By all, is thrown upon ſome barbarous ſhore;
Like that of *Jove* at the Worlds diſſolution,
When Heav'n and Earth, and gods are in confuſion:
Whole Nature ceaſing for a time. He reſts
Wholly within himſelfe, and there inveſts
His cogitations: ſome ſuch thing as this
A wiſe man does. He with him ſtill is,
And therein wrapt. As long as he's permitted
To rule his own affaires, he's well acquitted
With only himſelfe. When he thinks fit he marries,
Brings up his children, yet he lives, and tarries

Still

Still with himſelfe: though he'll not live if he
Shall alwayes be debard of company.
No profit of his owne does him invite
To friendſhip, but a naturall appetite.
And as of other things ther's an innate
Sweetneſſe, ſo of friendſhip: as we hate
A ſolitary life, ſo we delight
In company: as nature does incite
Man, to love man, ſo by a ſecret kind
Of longing, we to friendſhip are inclind.
And though he be moſt fervent in his love,
Rankes his friends with himſelfe, oft-times above,
Yet in himſelfe he ſeates his good, and ſayes
As *Stilpo* 'gainſt whom *Epicure* inveighs
In that fore-nam'd Epiſtle: for when he
His countrey, wife, and children, found to be
Diſtroy'd, and loſt, he went forth all alone,
Yet happy ſtill from that deſtruction.
And meeting with *Demetrius*, whoſe Sir-name
From the deſtruction of Cities came,
And was cal'd *Poliorcetes*: who to boſt
His cruelty, askt if he ought had loſt?
All my things are with me, ſaid he. Behold
A ſtout and valiant man, who thus controld
The victory of his foe. I have, ſayd he,
Loſt nothing. He compeld his enemie
To queſtion his owne conqueſt. I beare hence
All that is mine, as Juſtice, Temperance,
Prudence, and ev'n the vertue which does make us
Count nothing good that ever can forſake us.
We wonder at ſome creatures which through fire
Doe paſſe unhurt: we may that man admire

Much

Much more, whoſe conſtant vertue him affords
A ſafe, and ſecure paſſage both through ſwords,
Ruine, and flames. Doſt thou not plainely ſee
How much 'tis eaſier to get victory
Ore a whole nation, than one man alone?
Such words no leſſe than he the Stoiks own.
Their unhurt goods they carry with the ſame
Courage, through cities when th' are in a flame.
They are contented with themſelves, and bound
Their whole felicitie within that ground.
But leſt thou ſhouldſt conceave, that onely we
Scatter abroad ſuch glorious ſpeeches. He,
Which ſo reproves this *Stilpo*, *Epicure*
Hath ſent our ſuch, to which I would procure
Thy approbation: though already I
Have finiſhed my preſent diarie:
Who thinkes not his own goods moſt large, and ſtable,
Though he poſſeſſe the world, is miſerable.
Or if thou't rather have it thus declard,
(For we muſt now not words but ſence regard)
Who judges not himſelfe to be moſt bleſt
Would wretched be, though he the world poſſeſt.
And that from natures ground, ſuch words appeare
To be in uſe the Comicke Poet heare:
He is not bleſt is who not underſtood
So by himſelfe. What though thy ſtate be good,
If thou conceav'ſt it ill? Or wilt thou ſay,
Though he that's baſely covetous, perhaps may
Say he is happy, or he thats Lord of ſtore
Offervants, but a ſervant unto more,
That his report ſhall therefore make him ſo?
Not what he ſayes, but what he thinkes, we know,

Is to be waigh'd: nor what he thinkes to day,
But at all times. Then do not thou give way
To the leaſt thought, that ſuch a rare thing can
Be ere enjoyd by an unworthy man.
A wiſe man onely with himſelf's content.
A foole to ſelfe diſlike is alwayes bent.

EPIST. X.

IT is ſo, and I doe not change my mind,
Fly many, few, even one. I cannot find
With whom thou ſhoul'dſt converſe: my judgment
Tell thee, that I thee with thy ſelfe dare truſt. (muſt
Crates a man who did, they ſay, partake
Of *Stilpo's* documents, of whom I ſpake
In my precedent Letter, when he ſaw
A yong man ſecretly himſelfe withdraw,
Askt what he did alone? I ſpeake, ſayd he,
with mine owne ſelfe. Crates *reply'd, then be*
Carefull, that thou ſpeakeſt not with an ill man.
We uſe to be as watchfull as we can
Of thoſe, who are oppreſt with griefe and care,
Leſt ſollitude ſhould bring them to deſpair.
Imprudent perſons ſhould not be alone:
For at that time their thoughts doe worke upon
Ill counſell given, and are plotting then
The ruine of themſelves, or other men:
Their ill affections they to deeds diſpoſe,
What feare, and ſhame kept ſecret, they diſcloſe;
Their boldneſſe then they whet, their luſts inflame:
Stir up their mallice, and the very aime,
And uſuall benefit of ſolitude,
Not to truſt any man, and to exclude

All

All feare of witneſſe, is ta'en away,
And loſt t'a foole, he does himſelfe betray.
See therefore now what I may hope of thee,
What I may promiſe rather: for to me
Hope is a word of doubtfull good; ther's none
With whom I'de rather wiſh thee than alone.
I call to memory with what height of ſpirit
Thou ſpak'ſt thoſe words ſo full of ſtrength & merit;
Which I did then congratulate, and ſay,
Thoſe ſpeeches fell not haſtily away
From th'outward lips, but did with ſenſe abound:
His like is not among the people found:
He mindes the publicke weale. So ſpeak, ſo live:
To baſe dejection no admittance give.
Though all thy former vowes thou ſhould'ſt remit
Unto the Gods, yet now it will be fit
To urge a new requeſt: that thou mayſt find
Sound reaſon, health of body, and of mind.
Yet wherefore ſhould I doubt but thou doſt uſe
Thoſe prayers dayly? do not thou refuſe
To aske God boldly, for thou canſt not want
The thing, that is not in his power to grant.
But that I may, as I am wont to doe,
With an Epiſtle, ſend a preſent too,
'Tis true which in *Anthenadore* we read,
From all thy luſts thou't find thy ſelfe then freed,
when in thy prayrs to God, th'art thus far brought,
To ſeeke, but what may publickely be ſought.
For what a madneſſe in moſt men appeares?
To whiſper ſhamefull vowes into Gods eares?
If any harken, then away they goe,
They'l tel God what th' are loth a man ſhould know.

Marke whether this might not be made a Law:
That we ſo live with men as if God ſaw;
And that we ſpeake to God, as without ſhame
We might believe that men did heare the ſame.

EPIST. XI.

I Have conferr'd with thy ingenious friend,
And by his firſt diſcourſe did apprehend
His mind, his wit, and how allready he
Improves: he gave a taſt what he will be.
For being ſurpriſd, his ſpeech was unprepard,
And after recollection, found it hard
To ſhake off baſhfulneſſe (a ſigne of grace
In yong men) bluſhes ſo poſſeſt his face.
Whereof (as I ſuppoſe) he will partake
Ev'en then, when he all vices ſhall forſake,
And be confirm'd in wiſdome: which we find
Cures not the naturall weakneſſes of mind
Or body: for although wiſdome may
Correct, it cannot take them quite away.
That which is fixt within, and is innate,
Art may amend, but not eradicate.
Many though very ſtout, in publicke ſweat,
Like thoſe whom labour puts into a heat.
In ſome, when th' are to ſpeake, moſt parts ſo alter,
Their knees will tremble, & their tongus will falter,
Their teeth will grate, and their lips cling together:
Nor can theſe things be quite removed, either
By uſe, or rule. Nature will execute
Her power: and men that are moſt reſolute
Convince of fraylties: among which I name
Bluſhing, which ſeaſes with a kind of ſhame

Upon

Upon the graveſt. Though it moſt appeare
In yonger men, who have more heate, and beare
A weaker forehead : yet it oft layes hold
On men of yeares, yea ſuch as are grown old.
Some men are never to be feared more,
Than when they bluſh : as opening then a dore
To caſt out modeſty. For *Sylla*, when
Bloud ſeaſ'd his face, was cruelleſt to men.
There could be nothing milder than th' aſpect
Of *Pompey* : for he could not but detect
His modeſty, as oft as he did make
Open adreſſes, and in publicke ſpake.
When *Fabianus* was a witneſſe brought
Into the Senate, modeſty ſo wrought
Upon him, that, I can remember well,
He ſuddenly into a bluſhing fell,
Which wonderouſly became him. This does ſpring
More often from the newneſſe of the thing,
Than ſhame. Nor yet does it ſo much aſtoniſh
Such as are unaccuſtom'd, as admoniſh
Them, in whom that infirmity does grow.
For as ſome have their bloud more temperate, ſo
Others more quick, moving from place to place,
And thereby apt to fly up to the face.
Theſe (as I ſayd) no wiſdome can withſtand :
For if it could all frailties countermand,
It certainely would be the Soveraigne
Of nature's ſelfe. We cannot quite reſtrain
What the conditions of our birth involve,
And bodie's mixture, though we long reſolve.
Theſe things can be no more remov'd, than brought.
Comedians, who by their art are taught

To repreſent affections, and t' expreſſe
Trouble, and feare, and the minds heavineſſe,
Doe baſhfulneſſe in this ſort imitate:
Their lookes like men in a dejected ſtate,
Are downward caſt: their voyce is low, their eyes
Fixt on the ground: but they cannot deviſe
How to command a bluſh, that neither can
Be hindrd, nor procurd, by any man.
Heer wiſdome will nor promiſe, nor aſſiſt,
'Tis it's owne law, comes and goes when it liſt.
But this diſcourſe requires a ſentence now:
Take it, 'tis wholeſome, and I wiſh that thou
Wouldſt fix it in thy minde, *We muſt ſome wiſe*
And honeſt man propound, and forour eyes
So place him, that we live as if he ſaw us,
And doe, as if his ſight did alwayes awe us.
This admonition *Epicurus* gave,
(*Lucillius*) appointing us to have
A keeper, and a tutor: and ther's cauſe:
For if a witneſſe preſent be, it draws
Offenders from their vices. Let's apply
Our thoughts to one, by whoſe authority
Our very ſecrets may be made more holy.
O happy he! who can prevent our folly,
Not onely when he's ſeen, but thought upon.
O happie hee! who can ſo reverence one,
That by remembrance of him he amends.
He that an other can ſo feare, intends
To be ſoon feard himſelfe. Therefore propoſe
Cato, or if he be too rigid, chooſe
One of a milder temper, *Lelius.*
Chooſe one whoſe ſpeech, and life's ingenuous:

Whoſe

Whoſe countenance to thee declares his thought;
Let ſuch a one into thy mind be brought
As an example, or a guardian.
For, as I ſay, ,tis needfull t'have a man,
After whoſe manners we our own may ſquare,
Without a rule, faults uncorrected are.

EPIST. XII.

WHer 'ere I goe, ſignes of my age appeare.
I com into my countrey houſe, and there
Complaine of the expence which the decayes
Are like to put me to: my Bayliefe ſays
The fault is not in him, he to uphold
The thing does what he can, but th'houſe is old.
This houſe I built, what fate doe I lie under
When walls of mine own age thus fall in ſunder?
The next occaſion I take to chide;
I frowning ſay, it cannot be denied,
Theſe plane-trees are neglected, for they beare
No leaves, their drie bowes ſhrivell ev'ry where.
How full of moſſe their bodies are? no doubt,
This could not be, had they been dig'd about,
And water'd. Straight way, by my Gemins, he
Proteſts and ſwears, there wants no induſtrie
To make them thrive. But to prevent my rage,
Tells me the cauſe of fading is their age.
Theſe trees I planted, and firſt ſaw them grow,
What difference then tweene us? to th' gate I goe.
Aske whos' this ſo decreped, and decayd?
And at the dore, as dead men are, is layd,
(For he the porter was) whence came he? why?
Do'ſt thou take care of ſtrangers corps? ſay I.

But he replies, ſir, doe not you me know?
I'm he, on whom you uſed to beſtow
So many fairings: I *Felicius* am
Phyloſitus the Bayliefs ſon, the ſame
That made you ſport. This dotard ſure miſtakes,
Say I, turnes child, and childiſh paſtime makes.
And it is very likely, his teeth too
Fall from his gums, as childrens uſe to doe.
I owe this to my country houſe, that I
My old age whereſo'ere I looke deſcry.
Let's then embrace and love it, for 'tis fraught
With pleaſure, if we uſe it as we ought.
Apples are beſt when they are almoſt gon;
And childhood is moſt comely when 'tis don:
Wine-drinkers in the laſt carouſe delight,
That drowne their cares, inebriat's them out-right.
All pleaſure reſerves that which is moſt ſweet
Untill the laſt: and we our age may greet
With no ſmall joy, at leaſt if that age be
Declining, not decrepid: though I ſee
Even ſuch as ſtand upon the utmoſt brink
Of life, their pleaſures have: or we may think
To need no pleaſure, ſerves in ſtead of pleaſure.
Doubtleſſe to baniſh luſts, hath no ſmall meaſure
Of ſweetneſs. But thou't ſay, it irkſome is
T' have death before our eyes. I anſwer, this
Ought ever to be lookt upon, as well
By yong men, as by old. Death does not tell
The yeers of men, nor ſummon by a role.
None is ſo old, but he without controle,
May hope to live a day, and yet a day
Is a degree of life: our whole age may

Be found by obſervation to conſiſt
Of parts, which many orbes together twiſt.
One whereof all begirts, which we may call
Our birth day reaching to our funerall.
Another the full ſpace of youth unfolds
And one our childhood in it's circle holds.
Ther's then a yeare in which all times incloſ'd
Whereof, b'ing multiply'd, our lives compoſd.
A month hath a leſſe orbe, a day the leaſt,
Yet this begins, and ends from Eaſt, to Weſt.
And therefore *Heraclitus*, whoſe known marke,
Was from darke ſayings to be called darke,
Was wont to ſay, *one daye's the ſame withall.*
This hath by ſundry men had ſeverall
Interpretations: he ſayd it was
The ſame in houres, and that for truth muſt paſſe.
Becauſe if from a day the time proceeds
Of four and twenty houres, all dayes muſt needs
Be equall in themſelves, for the night hath
That which the day hath loſt. Another ſaith
One day is equall in ſimilitude
To all. The longeſt time cannot include
More then one day, light, darkeneſſe, and
Th'alternate courſe, by which the world does ſtand
Longer or ſhorter makes no difference,
For there is ſtill the ſame circumference.
We therefore all our dayes muſt ſo diſpoſe,
As if we finiſht and compleated life, like thoſe
Who uſe in armies to bring up the reare.
Pacuvius, who by abiding there,
Made *Syri'a* his owne countrey, when with wine,
And funerall Feaſts he uſd t'inſhrine,

From ſupper to his chamber borne with rites,
And lewd applauſe of his ſtale catamites,
Cauſd this to be with merry muſick ſung,
He' hath liv'd, he' hath liv'd, and thus his whole houſe
What he with an ill conſcience did, we may (rung.
Do with a good, and blith and jocond ſay,
As oft as we our ſelves to ſleepe preſent,
I' have liv'd, and paſt the time that nature lent.
If God be pleaſd to ad another day,
We ſhould receive it thankefully, and may
Account him very happy, and a man
Fixt in th' injoyment of himſelfe, that can
Expect the morrow without anxious care.
Whoſoere ſays *I have lived*, does prepare
To riſe next day to profit? tis fit now
I finiſh my Epiſtle. But, ſayſt thou,
Shall it to me without advantage come?
Feare not, it ſhall bring ſome. Why ſaid I ſome?
Much. For what words more excellent can be,
Than theſe which I give him to ſend to thee?
To live in need is ill, but 'tis agreed
Ther's no neceſſity to live in need.
Why ſhould I not ſay none? ſince ev'ry where
The way to liberty is ſhort and cleare.
Thankes be to God no man is forc't to live:
We to neceſſity it ſelfe may give
The law. But thou wilt ſay, this came
From *Epicurus*, why do'ſt thou lay claime
To what's anothers? what is true, is mine.
His ſayings I'll inculcate with deſigne
T'have ſuch as ſo ingage to men, that they
Value their perſons, more then what they ſay,

In

In the assurance of this truth to rest,
Those things belong to all which are the best.

EPIST. XIII.

I Know thou hast much courage; for I find,
That even before I seasoned thy mind
With precepts which are wholsome, & prevaile
Against adversity, thou didst not faile
To satisfie thy selfe' gainst fortune's power.
And much more then when she began to lower,
And made thee come to handy blows, whereby
Thou hadst occasion thy strength to try.
For as we never can be confident,
Till threatning dangers sundry feares present,
And sometimes set upon us. So the stout
And constant mind resolving to cast out
All base subjection to anothers will,
Is trie'd by danger, that's the touch-stone still.
He is not like the combate to make good
That hath no scars. He who hath oft lost bloud
And in the fight grated his teeth, and though
Repulsd, hath rush'd againe upon his foe.
He, who though often falling, letting not
His courage fall, as often up hath got,
Will enter with more confidence the list,
Then let me in this similie persist.
Fortune hath oft lay'n heavy on thee, yet
Thou didst not yield, but alwayes from her get,
Returning with more courage: vertue thrive's
By provocation, and by wounds revives.
Yet if thou think'st it meet, from me accept
Some aide, by which thou't be in safety kept.

There are, *Lucilius*, many things which feare
Rather than hurt: most of our dangers are
More in conceit than truth: to thee I speake
Not the strong words of Stoicks, but more weake.
For we say, all those things which do wring forth
Howlings and groanes, are slight and little worth.
Lets passe by these great words, though, good Gods,
I wish that thou wouldest onely this pursue, (true)
Not to anticipate thy ill, or make
That imminent, which here perhaps will take
Effect, at least is not already come.
Some things more trouble us than they ought, & some
Before they ought: some other things perplex us
Extreamely, which ought not at all to vex us.
We griefe augment, or faine, or else forestall.
As for that other which 'tweene us does fall
In question, we'll defer it: what I deem
To be but light, thou heavy wilt esteeme.
For some, I know, under the whip will smile,
And others at one buffet groanes the while.
But whether these things from their owne strength
Or from our weakeness wee'l hereafter show. (flow,
Mean time do thou but this: when any shall
Seeke to perswade thee thou art wretched, call
Thy reason to thee, and consider well
What thou dost feele, and not what others tell.
Say to thy selfe with patience, who knowest best
Thine owne condition, why have these expreſt
Such griefe for me? why do they tremble so,
And feare to touch, or to come neare? as though
Calamities infection did containe:
Does any hurt, in what they feare, remaine?

Is

Is not the thing reputed to be ill,
Rather then so indeed? be therefore still
Ready t' interrogate thy selfe, and say
Whether do I without a cause give way
To trouble, and vexation? doe I make
That ill, which is not? what course shall I take,
Sayst thou, to know if what disturbes my rest
Be true or false? to try that here's a test.
We troubled are either at present things,
Or future, or at both. Sence easily brings
A judgement of things present: if unbound
Thy body be and in thy power, and sound,
And if no injury procures thy woe;
What future is thou afterward shalt know:
That is not this dayes worke. But 'tis expected.
How art thou sure the ill will be effected?
For we with jealousies much troubled are;
And that which oftentimes procures a warr
Report, will much more worke on each of us.
'Tis very true my deare *Lucilius*,
We quickly to opinions do adhere,
And question not the thing that causes feare:
Nor doe we shake it off, but thereat tremble:
And turning so our backes we much resemble
Those, whom the dust made by a flocke of sheepe
Drives from their tents, or that are struck with deep
Astonishment, at some strange fable bred
Among the vulgar, without author spred.
False things, I know not how, do more molest,
Whereas the true within their measure rest.
Whatsoever an uncertaine rumor sends,
Is subject to conjectures, and depends

On the conſtruction of a fearefull mind.
And therefore Panick above other kind
Of feares, is carry'd on with violence,
Thoſe without reaſon are, this without ſenſe.
Then let's make further ſearch. Some future ill
Is like t'enſue, we are not ſure it will.
How many 'unexpected things fall out?
How many 'expected are nere brought about.
But ſay they ſhould heereafter chance. Yet why
Shouldeſt thou make haſt to meet thy miſery?
When ill does come thou ſoone enough wilt grieve.
In the meane time do thou the beſt believe.
What ſhall I gaine by thy credulity?
Time. Many things may intervene, whereby
Th'approaching danger may be ſtopt, or paſt:
Or elſe upon an others head be caſt.
A raging fire hath opt away to flight.
And ſome have from a ruin'd houſe fal'n light.
Some from the ſtroake of death have been repriv'd
And have the executioner ſurviv'd.
For even il-fortune hath it's levity,
It may, or may not come. And therefore I
Adviſe thee while 'tis not, to thinke the beſt.
Oft-times when no true ſignes do manifeſt
Enſuing ill, the mind vaine things pretends:
And either doubtfull wordes miſapprehends,
Or when another is with us offended,
Conceives far more, than is perhaps intended:
Not waighing how much anger hee does ſhow,
But to what height an angry man may goe,
If feare be what it may, there will be found
No cauſe of life, of miſery no bound.

Let

Let wiſdome here aſſiſt: by ſtrength of mind
Let's now reject the feare, whereof we find
Apparent cauſe: at leaſt let errour chaſe
Errour away, and let hope feare diſplace.
Of thoſe things which are feard ther's none ſo ſure,
But it is ſurer, that what does procure
Both feare and hope, deceaves us. Let us then
Take care t'examine feare, and hope, and when
All things are found uncertaine, let us doe
For our owne eaſe what w'have moſt mind unto.
And though there be more arguments of feare,
Yet let us this courſe follow, and forbeare
To toyle and vex our ſelves, and keepe this ſtill
Fixt in our minds, that moſt men, though no ill
They feele, nor certaine are they ever ſhall,
Do ner'theleſſe into diſtempers fall.
For no man makes reſiſtance when he finds
Feare once begin to trouble him, or minds
How to finde out the truth. No man reſorts
To reaſon, when his eares meet ſad reports.
Or ſayes the author's vaine, and being vaine
Does either vainely credit them or faine.
We yield up our beleife to what we heare:
And doubtfull things, as they were certaine, feare.
We keepe no moderation in our errour,
A ſcruple ſoone converts into a terror.
I am aſham'd ſuch language to deviſe,
And cheriſh thee with ſuch ſlight remedies.
Let others ſay perhaps this will not be:
But thou, what if it happen? we ſhall ſee
Whether it will or not. 'Twill come perchance
For my behooſe, death will my life advance.

Poyſon made *Socrates* more great. If wee
The ſword, th'aſſertor of his libertie,
Wreſt out of *Cato's* hand, we then detract
Much, from the glory of ſo brave an act.
But too much time is in adviſing ſpent,
T'incourage thee is more expedient.
I doe not lead thee to thoſe wayes which thwart
Thy nature, thou for theſe things framed art.
Then let not thy endeavours be forborne,
Thy innate gifts to cheriſh and adorne.
But I ſhall end my Letter now, if I
Set to the ſeale, that is, if I applie
Some gallant phraſe that to our uſe relates.
Follie 'mong other ills, appropriates
This alſo, that it ſtill begins to live.
If to the meaning of theſe words thou't give
(*Lucillius* the beſt of men) good heed,
Thou'lt underſtand what ſordid things proceed
From the vaine thoughts of men, who dayly mind
New wayes of life, and when even death they find
Approaching, they vaine hopes of life purſue.
Looke round about, and thou ſhalt often view
Old men that are prepar'd to venter on
Long journeys, buſineſſe, and ambition.
Yet nothing can be found of greater ſcorne,
Than an old man beginning to be borne.
I ſhould not add an author to this ſpeach,
But that it is more hidden from the reach
Of vulgar eares, and is not found among
Thoſe ſayings that by *Epicure* are ſlung
Abroad, and into common uſe are grown,
Which I have both approv'd, and made mine own.

EPIS.

EPIST. XIV.

I Yield there is in us an in-bred care
Of our owne bodies: I confeſſe they are
To be preſerv'd. But though I not denie
Indulgence due to them, yet ſlaverie
I doe denie. For who the body ſerves,
Who out of feare for that, from reaſon ſwerves
Too much, whoſe ſole regard to that is ti'd,
He ſurely will ſerve many things beſide.
We muſt diſpoſe our actions, not as though
We for the body ought to live, but ſo
As we without the body cannot live:
The too much care whereof doe's often give
Tormenting feares, load's us with ſorrows, flings
Contempt upon us, and reproaches brings.
Whoſ'ever his own body too much prizes,
All other things that honeſt are, diſpiſes.
Let a ſtrickt care thereof be had, yet ſo,
That when the duties we to reaſon owe,
To honour, and fidelity require,
Lets not refuſe to caſt it into fire.
Yet let us ſhun, as much as in us lies,
Not onely harmes but incommodities.
Let us our ſafety mind, and not forbeare
A dayly care t'avoid the things we feare.
Whereof there are three kinds, as I ſuppoſe,
Want, ſickneſſes, and all the ill that growes
From an offended power, of which none beates
So fiercely on us, as what power threats.
That rayſes tumults, and a noiſe does make;
As for thoſe other which from nature take

Their ground, want, ſickneſſe ſilently appeare,
And with no terrour ſtrike the eye or eare:
This comes with dreadfull pomp, fire, ſword, and
And ſavage beaſts ſent in with horr'id pain's (chains,
To humane breſts: heer may we alſo looke
Upon a priſon, gibbet, racke, or hooke:
Stakes through the mouth forc't frō the fundament,
And members by driv'n hórſes piece-meale rent:
The coat with combuſtible matter noynted,
And what elſe cruell tyrants have appointed.
'Tis then no wonder if the feare of this
Be greateſt, whoſe varieties great is,
And preparation terrible. For as
A *Torturer* the ſooner brings to paſſe
His purpoſe, when with ſundry inſtruments
Of various torments he himſelfe preſents.
(For they who elſe with patience would hold out
By that dire pomp to yield are brought about)
So of ſuch things as tame and quell the thought
They prevaile moſt that with moſt ſhew are brought.
Thoſe plagues are no leſſe grievous, hunger, thirſt,
Impoſtumes bred, and in the intrailes burſt:
Feavers that ſcald the bowells: but yet they
Are hid from view, have nothing to diſplay.
Theſe like great armies by their equipage,
And dreadfull ſight orecome ere they engage.
Then let us ſtrive offences to forbeare.
Sometimes it is the people we muſt feare,
And ſometimes, if a Senate rule the ſtate,
With the chiefe men we muſt ingratiate:
Sometimes we muſt of all thoſe ſtand in awe
Who of, and to the people give the law.

T'have

T'have all theſe friends, is hard: it may ſuffice
At leaſt, to have them not our enemies.
A wiſeman therefore will not undergoe
The anger of great men, but ſhun it ſo
As marriners doe ſtormes, which thou might'ſt ſee
When thou didſt croſſe the Sea to *Sicilie*.
Raſh pilots value not the South-wind's threats,
Which the Sicilian Sea with fury beats,
And forces in to whirle-pooles. They forbeare
The left hand-ſhore, and to the other ſtere
Nearer *Caribdes* where the waters roare:
But the more warie, they inquire before
Of men that know the place, of tide and wether,
And ſhun the place where whirl-winds meet toge-
Heer's the condition of a wiſeman, hee (ther.
Avoyds the place that dangerous may be;
But with this caution, not to have it thought
He does avoyd it. Safety much is wrought
By ſeeming not to ſeeke it purpoſely,
For we accuſe the power that we doe flie;
Wherefore we muſt our thoughts to this inure,
How from the people we may be ſecure.
To doe which, firſt lets ſhun whats'ever ſtirs
Great emulation 'mong competitors.
Next, let us not be Lords of any thing
That to the ſpoyler may great profit bring.
How ſmal's the bodie's ſpoyle? none will purſue
Man's bloud for that meer cauſe, or very few.
Gain more then hatred moves. A thiefe lets goe
An empty traveller. A poore man though
He be beſet is ſafe. From three things then,
According to the rules of ancient men,

We muſt take ſpeciall care our lives t'exempt;
From hatred, and from envy, and contempt.
How this may, be wiſdome alone will ſhow,
For ther's a middle way, though hard to know,
Whereby into contempt wee may not run,
While we the feare of envy ſeeke to ſhun.
Nor while we would avoyd ſuſpition,
To make our ſelves fit to be trod upon.
Some, 'cauſe they may be fear'd, to feare have cauſe;
We muſt be circumſpect, for either draws
An equall danger. Let us therefore flie
For our own ſafeguard to Philoſophy.
This not with good men onely, but with ſuch
As are not wholly bad, will grace us much.
For Oratorie, and what elſe invites
The peoples favour, have their oppoſites.
This which is peacefull, and its own worke minds
Can nere be ſcornd: but from all ſcience finds
A due regard, even from the worſt that are,
For wickedneſſe can never run ſo far,
Nor ever againſt vertue ſo conſpire,
But that Philoſophie will keepe intire
It's name and honour: alwayes with this tie,
That it be handled calmly and modeſtly.
But what? did *Cato* then phloſophiſe
Calmely and modeſtly, when his adviſe
Oppoſ'd a civill war? when he between
Two potent princes arm'd with rage, and ſpleen,
Did intercede: and who, when ſome contended
With *Cæſar*, ſome with *Pompey*, both offended.
It is a queſtion whether it were fit
For a wiſeman then at the helme to ſit.

What

What meanſt thou *Marcus Cato*? the conteſt
Is not for liberty, that was ſuppreſt
Long ſince: the ſtrife is whether now
We ſhall to *Cæſar* or to *Pompey* bow.
What's this to thee? thou haſt therein no ſhare;
We muſt receive a Prince, what need'ſt thou care
Which ſhall be he? the better cannot gaine
The conqueſt, he that ſhall at length be faine
To yield, may be the worſe: he cannot be
The better, that obtaines the victorie.
I heere on *Catoes* latter yeares do touch.
But truely neither were his former ſuch,
That a wiſe man might be admitted to
That rapine, which was like the ſtate t'undoe.
What elſe did *Cato* then, but cry aloud,
Throwing forth empty wordes, when in the crowd
Of people, he was ſpit on, and abus'd?
And when he to be carry'd forth refuſ'd,
They drag'd him from the Senate houſe at laſt,
And after all him into priſon caſt.
We'll ſhew in time whether a wiſeman may
Suffer his labour to be caſt away.
In the meane while I bid thee looke upon
Thoſe, who from publicke buſineſſes have gon
To order their own lives: and without awe
Of power, to bring mankind to reaſons law.
A wiſe man publicke manners never flies,
Nor drawes the people after novelties.
What then, will he who lives thus be ſecure?
This verily I can no more aſſure
Than health in temp'rat men, and yet we know
That health from temperance does chiefly grow.

A ſhip is ſometimes in the Haven loſt:
What thinkſt thou of that which in the ſea is toſt?
He that unſafe is in a quite life,
What hazard will he run by publicke ſtrife?
The innocent do ſometimes periſh: trew,
But oftener the nocent. He may rew
The art that he profeſſes, who is hit,
And wounded through the ornaments of it.
A wiſeman therefore will his thoughts apply
To reaſon, not events. Beginnings lie
In our own power: fortune directs the end,
Unto whoſe ſentence I'll not condiſcend.
But it may bring ſome trouble, ſome diſtreſſe!
A thiefe is not condemnd to death, unleſſe
He kill. But now I know thy dayly pay
Is look't for: I gold in thy hand will lay.
And ſince of gold I have made mention, take
What will the uſe thereof more gratefull make.
He enjoys riches moſt, who needs them leaſt.
Tell me ſayſt thou, the author. 'Tis profeſt,
(That thou mayſt know what freedome we intend)
That what belongs to others wee'll commend.
The words to *Epicurus* appertaine,
Or *Metrodore*, or other of that traine.
What matter is't who ſpake them, they were ſpo-
To all. To ſtand in need of riches is a token (ken
We are in feare for them: and I ſuppoſe
No man enjoyes the thing he feares to loſe:
Or that to which his care is how to add.
For where much thought of the encreaſe is had
Th' injoyment is forgot. His buſineſſe is
To make up recknings: and he'll ſeldome miſſe

The market: and as oft as he can ſpare
Time from thoſe things, he turnes the Calendar,
And notes when uſe is to be called for;
So from a Lord he turnes ſollicitor.

EPIST. XV.

IN elder times it hath a cuſtome bin,
And to my age continu'd, to begin
Epiſtles, If thou *bee'ſt in health 'tis well.*
And let us likewiſe ſay, *if thou canſt tell*
How to *Philoſophiſe 'tis well*, for this
Is health indeed, the mind that wants it is
But ſicke: the body too though it be ſtrong,
Hath onely what to mad-men does belong.
Seeke therfore this health firſt, then that which will
Not coſt thee much, if thou't be healthfull ſtill.
The exerciſe that does the armes extend,
Dilates the breſt and ſides, I not commend
To ſtudious men (*Lucilius*): for although
Thou ſhouldſt ſo cram thy panch, that thou ſhouldſt (grow
T'have brawny limbs, a fat oxe yet at length
Will far exceed thee both in weight and ſtrength.
Wherefore as much as in thee lies, reſtraine
Thy body: to thy minde let looſe the raine:
For many inconveniences attend
Them, that much paines about the body ſpend.
As firſt all exerciſe that's violent
Hurts thoſe, who are to contemplation bent.
And next, ſtrong meates debilitate the wit,
And render it for ſtudy more unfit.
Beſides, we muſt conceave of what ſtrange parts
They be, who are the maſters of theſe arts:

Men

Men wholly converſant in wine and oyle,
Who thinke the day well ſpent, if with much toyle
They ſweat enough, and what they ſweat out then
Next morning faſting they reſtore agen
With other liquor: but much drinke and ſweat
Will the cardiacall diſeaſe beget.
There are ſome exerciſes which are ſhort
And eaſie, which the bodies health ſupport,
And fixe, in little time, whereof much care
Is to be had, of which kind chiefly are
Running, and ſwinging of the armes with weight,
Capring upright; and ſometimes to leap ſtraight
Forward along the ground, and not refuſe
Sometimes to ſhake the feet as Fullers uſe.
Thoul't any of theſe by practiſe eaſie find:
But yet be ſure to looke backe to the mind,
And to imploy it day and night, for that
Is fed with labour which is moderate:
This kind of exerciſe nor heat, nor cold
Can hinder, no not though we be grown old.
Purſue that good which better grows by age;
Nor would I have thee ſtill thy mind engage
In ſtudie, and in writing, but t'allow
Som reſpit, leſt thou breake what thou wouldſt bow.
The motion of a chaire, or coach will jog,
And ſtir the body, yet the minde not clog.
Or thou mayſt walke abroad, and not forbeare
To read the while, to dictate, ſpeake or heare.
Nor is't amiſſe ſometimes thy voyce to ſtraine;
But from Muſitians notes, and tunes refraine.
But if the garb of walking thoud'ſt be taught,
Get one of thoſe who are by hunger brought

To theſe new artes, he will direct thy pace,
And teach thee how to eat with a good grace:
And will proceed as far in impudence,
As thou wilt ſuffer him with patience.
But what? ſhall then thy voyce begin with rage?
It is more naturall to let it riſe
By ſome degrees: as pleaders at the firſt
Softly begin, then into clamours burſt:
For none will in the entrance of his ſpeech
Implore a pardon, and the Iudge beſeech.
But howſoere thy fervour thee perſwade,
Thou vices ſometimes ſtrongly muſt invade,
And ſometimes mildly, and thereof make choice
According to thy ſtrength of ſides, and voyce.
But when thy voyce thou higher ſhalt extend,
And then bring lower, let it not deſcend
At once, but by degrees: and be thou ſure
To let it keepe the maſters temprature:
And that it be not ſufferd to ingage
Into an ignorant and clowniſh rage.
For t'is not our intent by doing thus
To exerciſe our voyce, but that to us
Our voyce ſhould be an exerciſe. But loe
I've ſav'd thee no ſmall trouble: I'll beſtow
A gratefull gift beſide that benefit,
Behold a precept that hath worth in it;
A fooles' life is unpleaſant, and does waſt
In feare, be'ing wholly on the future caſt.
Thou't aske perhaps, who ſpake theſe words? the
Which ſpake before. But what is this we name (ſame)
A fooles life? Is it thinkſt thou that
Of *Baba*, and *Ixion* ſo laught at?

No, it is ours: whose blind desires do flie
Headlong on things which never satisfie,
But often hurt us: whom if any thing
Could have suffis'd, it had: who do not bring
Our thoughts to ponder what a sweetnesse lies
In seeking nothing: and how high we rise
When we b'ing full doe not for more contend,
Nor yet on fortune any way depend,
Wherefore (*Lucilius*) often call to mind
got How much th'hast: how many are behind
More than before. And if thou't shun a strife
Ungratefull to the Gods, and thine own life,
Never forget how many th'hast out-gon.
But what need'st thou mind others? looke upon
Thy selfe, whom th'hast outstript. Propound an end
Which thou mayst not be able to transcend,
Although thou wouldst. These riches which deceive
Better whē sought, thā had, wil one day leave us. (us,
If any solidnesse therein were found,
They'd fill at last the place where they abound;
But now the drinkers thirst they more excite,
And alwayes with an outward pomp invite.
Why should I beg of fortune to bestow
Upon me that, which she sets out for show
To catch me with, rather than put this taske
Upon my selfe, not to be brought to aske?
But wherefore should I so forget the fraile
Estate of man; that fortune should prevaile
To make me aske? I shall be sure to heape
Up store of wealth: what thereby shall I reape?
Labour for labour. Behold time makes hast,
Or this is my last day, or near my last.

EPIS.

EPIST. XVI.

I Know (*Lucilius*) thou art well assurd
A blessed life can never be procurd,
No not in any reasonable sort,
Unlesse to wisdomes precepts we resort:
And also that such blessednesse is stable
When wisdome is compleat, and tollerable
When it is but begun. Yet thou must make
This thy assurance better roote to take,
And gather strength by constant meditation.
It is a worke of far more commendation,
And where in greater difficultie's found,
To performe honest things, than to propound,
We then should never cease, untill we find
Our fleeting will, turn'd to a constant mind.
Wherfore there needs not many words t'advance
My thoughts of thee, nor so much circumstance,
I find thou hast much profited, and know
The things thou writ'st are not set out for show,
But reall and unfaind. Yet I'll declare
My mind; my hopes of thee already are
Enough confirmd, not my assurance yet.
And I in thee would the like thoughts beget.
Thou shouldst not trust thy selfe too soone: but trie,
And often search what crannies in thee lie.
But above all, trie whether thou hast learnd
Philosophie, or the life therein concernd.
Philosophie's no vulgar worke, nor brings
Vaine ostentation; but consists in things,
And not in words; nor is't to be imployd
'Gainst idlenesse, or sports wherewith we are cloyd.

It builds, and forms our mindes, our lives disposes;
Governs our actions, and to us discloses
What's to be don, what shund: it is our guide,
And sets us right when doubts our thoughts divide:
No man's secure without this. Ev'ry day
Innumerable accidents themselves display,
In which sound reason must direct our sense:
And that must evermore be fetcht from hence.
But some will say what needs Philosophy,
If there be an ore-ruling destiny?
And how can that avail if God command?
Or how, if no man fortune can withstand?
Things certaine are immutable, and I
Cannot provide against uncertainty.
If God dispose my counsels, and decree
What I shall doe, what then is left to me?
Though some or all of these, *Lucilius*,
Be so indeed, yet it is fit for us
T'embrace Philosophy: for whether fate
To fixt decrees do us necessitate;
Or whether God the universall guide
Doe preordaine what ever shall betide:
Or whether chance doe crosse what we intend,
Yet still Philosophy must us defend.
This will perswade us willingly t'obey
God: but resist with courage fortun's sway:
This teaches to depend on providence,
And to beare miseries with patience.
But heere we'll not dispute, how it may be
That any of our actions can be free,
If providence ore-rule; or if a chaine
Of causes bind to what the fates ordaine:

Or elſe if new and ſudden accidents
Have power to croſſe and fruſtrate our intents,
I now returne t'adviſe thee not to let
Thy mind grow cold, and what it learn'd, forget;
But to confine it to a taſke, that ſo
A paſſion may into a habit grow.
But all this while, thou, if I know thee right,
Expect's ſome gift from what I now indite.
Search, and thou't find; nor thinke it ſtrange at all,
That ſtill of others goods I'm liberall:
Why ſayd I others? what's well, ſayd I, take
For mine, as this that *Epicurus* ſpake,
Thou't nere be poore if thou keep'ſt natures law,
Nor ere be rich if thee opinion awe.
For nature with a little is content,
Opinion to immenſitie is bent.
Heape thou to thine owne ſelfe as vaſt a treaſure
As ſome poſſeſſe: let fortune beyond meaſure
Raiſe thee to wealth: let gold enough be had
To load thee with: be thou with purple clad;
Let riches, and delights ſo much abound
That thou with marbles covereſt the ground.
Let ſilver be not for thy uſe alone,
But at thy pleaſure to be trod upon,
Add ſtatues, pictures, for an ornament,
And whatſoere Luxurious artes invent;
All theſe will but incite thee to contend
For more. Our naturall deſires have end;
Such as from falſe opinion take their ground
Can never ceaſe, for falſhood knows no bound.
He at the length comes home that keeps his way;
But he that roves will into deſerts ſtray.

Then leave all vanity: and if thou'dst find
Whether when thou seek'st any thing, thy mind
Be led to seeke it rather by a just,
And naturall desire, than by blind lust;
Consider if it can somewhere abide.
Having gon far, if thou shalt still provide
To go yet farther, know then thou do'st fall
Upon a thing that is not naturall.

EPIST. XVII.

IF thou be'st wise all these things cast away,
Nay, that thou maist be wise, with speed assay,
And with full force to get a perfect mind.
If any thing with-hold thee, thou maist find
How to remove, or cut it from thee quite.
But thou wilt say domesticke cares of right
Require my thoughts, which I'll not lay aside
Untill sufficient meanes I shall provide
To live at ease: lest poverty become
To me a burthen, or my selfe to some.
If thus thou sayst, thou dost not apprehend
The force of that, to which thou dost pretend:
But looking on the outside of that good
Wisedome procures, thou hast not understood
The inner parts thereof, whereby to know
What profit from Philosophie will grow:
How that to us the greatest things commends,
And, as we learne from *Cicero* descends
Even to the least. Believe me if thou take
That for thy guide, it will not let thee make
Count-casting thy delight, but thou would'st flie
By these delays the fear of poverty.

Yet what if that should not be feard but fought,
For many men by riches haue been brought
To neglect knowledge? poverty is found
To be secure and free: when trumpets sound
That knows it selfe not fought for; when the crie
Of fire is heard, that seekes but how to flie,
Not what to carry forth. If there be cause
To goe to sea, that no disturbance drawes
Within the haven, or about the shore;
Where one alone is followd with such store
Of servants, and attendants, that ther's need
Of other countrie's plenty them to feed.
Where there are few, and they well governed,
If they but seeke to have their bellies fed,
'Tis don with ease: for hunger is appeasd
With little, gluttony is never pleasd.
There is no more desird by poverty,
But onely pressing want to satisfie.
Why shouldst thou this companion then refuse,
Whose manners rich men that are temprate use?
If thou desir'st to be from trouble free,
Or poore, or like a poore man thou must be:
No usefull studie can be undertaken
Unlesse our diligence we oft awaken
With frugalnesse, and frugalnesse we see
Is nothing else, but willing povertie.
Hence then with these excuses: I want yet
What is sufficient: if I once can get
The Sum that I propound, in the next place
I wholly will Philosophy embrace.
But that which is to thee a second thought,
And is defer'd, should first of all be sought.

I will provide, sayst thou, wherewith to live:
Thou must learne also an account to give
Of thy provision. Although something may
Hinder thy living well, nothing can stay
Thy dying well. There is no reason why
We should be hindred from Philosophy
By poverty, or more then that, by need:
Nay yet, a little further to proceed,
We must for this to hunger us inure,
Which men in beseig'd Cities doe endure.
And what reward, do they obtaine for all
Their patience, but onely not to fall
Within the victors power? how much more great
Is this, that makes our freedome so compleat
And permanent, that we nor men need feare,
Nor gods? and truly we should not forbeare
To come to this, although we hungry be.
Armies we know have sufferd penurie,
And fed on rootes of grasse, and things that shame,
And modestie permit me not to name.
And all this for a kingdome, and to make
The wonder more, anothers right to take.
To suffer poverty can any doubt
That from his mind he may throw madnesse out?
We should not therefore first our meanes inlarge:
Philosophy receaves us without charge.
But so it is, when all things else are gaind,
Men are content that wisedome be obtaind.
This they will have to be the last provision
Of life, or to speake plaine, addition.
But whether thou hast any thing, doe thou
Forthwith embrace Philosophy: for how

Appeares

Appeares it elſe, that th' haſt not now too much?
Or whether thy condition be ſuch
That thou haſt nothing, yet reſolve to make
That the firſt thing whereof thou wilt partake.
But I ſhall want what neceſſarie is?
What neceſſarie is thou canſt not miſſe.
For nature with the leaſt things will comply,
And a wiſe man on nature will relie.
But if extreame neceſſities inſiſt,
He can the world relinquiſh when he liſt;
And by that meanes no longer need become
A burthen to himſelfe, or troubleſome.
And if he have a little to ſuſtaine
Life, is content: and being not in paine
For things beyond neceſſitie, beſtows
On backe, and belly what to them he owes.
And being ſafe, derides the rich man's wayes,
And laughing at his courſe of getting, ſayes,
Why do'ſt thou ſo defer? why doſt thou wait
For uſe of mony put out at a rate?
Or expect profit from a growing trade?
Or why that bleſt old man do'ſt thou perſwade
To write thee down his heire, ſince thou mayſt pitch
Upon a nearer way to make thee rich?
Wiſedome exhibits wealth: which on all them
It does beſtow, who riches doe contemn.
But this belongs to others: thou haſt more
Than needfull is: looke on the age before,
And thou art in exceſſe. All times preſent
To every man what is ſufficient.
I might heere end my Letter, but that I
Have bred thee ill. The Parthian Kings deny

Admittance without preſents, ther's no ſhift
But at my fare-well I muſt bring ſome gift.
And this to me ſhall *Epicurus* lend,
Many by getting wealth have found no end
Of miſeries, but onely an exchange.
Nor ſhould this any way to thee ſeeme ſtrange:
Since in the mind alone the fault does lie,
Not in the thing: that which made poverty
A burthen, riches alſo irckſome made.
For as a ſickman whether he be layd
Upon a bed of wood, or gold, no eaſe
Does find, but carry's with him his diſeaſe.
So fares it with a mind that ſicke is, whether
It be in wealth or poverty, in either
It is unſatisfi'd, and its own ill
Where ere it be remov'd does carry ſtill.

EPIST. XVIII.

DEcember is a month wherein all ſorts
Of people in the City melt in ſports.
Where luxurie ſuch priviledge obtaines,
And not gets ſo publickely the raines,
As if ſome ods there ſhould appeare to all
'Tween dayes of worke, and *Saturne's* feſtivall.
Whereas there is ſo little diffrence made,
That we may verifie what one hath ſayd;
In former times 'twas eviaent and cleare
December was a month, but now a yeare.
Wert thou with me, we would confer together,
What courſe therein were to be taken; whether
We ſhould not change at all our former uſe,
Or not ſeverely ſeeming to refuſe

The

The peoples cuſtome, merrily ſit downe
At ſupper with them, and throw off our gown.
But though at feſtivalls w' have not refuſ'd
To change our cloths, a thing but onely uſd
In times of tumult, and of publicke woe;
Yet thou at leaſt if I thee rightly know,
Who take upon me to diſcerne, do'ſt neither
Deſire that we ſhould become altogether
Like the cap-wearing multitude, nor yet
Unlike: unleſſe perhaps we ought to get
Such powr ore our minds, as not to follow
Pleaſures, even then when all in pleaſures wallow:
It is a certaine ſigne of a fixt thought,
When that nor goes to ill, nor can be brought.
This ſhews we are more reſolute and ſtout,
To come forth ſober from a drunken rout.
But this more temprate, not to be exempted,
Nor yet with their ill manners to be tempted.
It is permitted to us that we may
Doe the ſame things, although another way.
For we may keepe a feaſt without exceſſe.
I find in me ſo great a willingneſſe
To prove the firmeneſſe of thy mind, that I
By the adviſe of wiſemen will applie
To thee this counſell: Let ſome time be had
Wherein thou faring courſely, and being clad
As meanely, mayſt thus ſay: *Behold the thing*
That is ſo terrible, my mind I'll bring
While I am in proſperity t'abide
Hardſhip, and will, while fortune ſmiles, provide
Againſt her frownes. Soldiers in time of peace
Doe exerciſe their arms, and never ceaſe

To keep their guards, and to make works, although
They apprehend no danger of a foe.
They in unneceſſary paines proceed,
To be thereby prepard in times of need. (come,
That which thou wouldſt not feare when it does
Practiſe before. This courſe is uſ'd by ſome,
Who ev'ry month doe practiſe povertie,
And bring themſelves even to neceſſity:
That they who dayly are therein concernd,
May never feare what they have often learn'd.
I would not have thee thinke that I intend
By this my admonition, to commend
To thee a cuſtome practiſ'd now a dayes,
To ſup alone, and in a cottage, wayes
That luxurie deviſes, to avoid
The ſuperfluitie wherewith 'ts cloyd.
But I would have thee lodge, be clad, and feed
As courſely, as thou truely wert in need.
Three or foure dayes together thus employd,
And ſometimes more, the thing will be enjoyd
By thee at length as an experiment,
Which was before but a meere complement.
Then will thy joy (*Lucilius*) be great,
When fed but with two farthings-worth of meat,
Thou't find no need of fortun to ſuffice thee,
Things needfull ſhe though angrie not denies thee.
Nor is there cauſe for thee to thinke therefore
That thou do'ſt much, for thou ſhalt do no more,
Than many thouſand ſlaves and poore men doe,
Save onely that thou art not forc't thereto.
Nor wilt thou find more difficulty when
'Tis alwayes done, than when but now and then.

Let's

Let's exercise though but against a stake:
And that hereafter Fortune may not take
Us unprovided, let our constant care
Bee, to make povertie familiar:
We more securely riches shall possesse,
When poverty we know brings no distresse:
The great voluptuous master *Epicure*
Had certaine times, when hunger he would cure
Dispitefully, to see if his full pleasure
Did yet want any thing, and in what measure.
And whether it were worthy to be sought
With carefulnesse, and with great labour bought.
For so he saies in certaine Letters sent
To *Polianus*, when the government
Was in *Charines*: where he does much boast
His dinner did not a full farthing cost:
But *Metrodor*'s a whole one, who had not
So far in that proficiency yet got,
Then wherefore should this diet not suffise
Thy appetite, when pleasure therein lies:
Yea pleasure that will constantly abide,
And will not often need to be suppli'd.
For although water and course batter fry'd,
Or crusts of barley-bread be things deny'd
To be delightfull, yet it is the height
Of pleasure, that we can therein delight:
And bring our selves to that which fortune can
Though wicked, not deny to any man.
The food allowd to prisners is more large,
And men condemnd are not by them whose charge
It is to execute, so strictly fed.
Then what great courage in that mind is bred,

Which of its one accord to that deſcends,
Which they feele not whom th' utmoſt woe attends?
This is t'anticipate the ſtroakes of fortune.
Wherefore (*Lucilius*) let me thee importune
Now to begin theſe men to imitate:
And to deſigne ſome dayes thine owne eſtate
So to neglect, that thou maiſt ſuffer want:
With povertie learn to be conver ant.
My friend, take courage riches to deſpiſe,
And worthily to God-like honour riſe.
For no man can reſemble God, but he
Who contemnes riches. I forbid not thee
To poſſeſſe wealth: but I would have thee beare
It ſo, as to poſſeſſe it without feare.
Which thou wilt doe, if thou canſt be aſſurd
That happineſſe without wealth is procurd:
If thou on riches ſhalt ſo caſt thine eye,
As if they were to depart preſently.
But I muſt now to a concluſion grow;
But firſt thou't bid me pay thee what I owe.
I'll thee aſſigne to *Epicurus*, he
Shall reckon, and thy paymaſter ſhall be.
From extreame anger, madneſſe does enſue.
Thou needs muſt underſtand this to be true,
Since thou findſt thy condition to be ſo,
That thou haſt both a ſervant and a foe.
This paſſion workes on all men, and does move
Not only from malignity, but love:
Not onely from things ſerious, but from ſmall,
And things of ſport. Nor is't materiall

From

From how great cauſe it comes, but in what mind
It falls. For as no difference we find
In what proportion fire is thrown, but where:
For we may caſt the greateſt without feare
On wet or ſollid places, where as drie
And combuſtible matter ſuddenly
Will feede a ſparke into a ruine: So,
My deare *Lucilius*, anger that does goe
On in a violence, will ſoone engage
It ſelfe, into a mad, and franticke rage.
We then as well for health's ſake this muſt ſhun,
As not into intemperance to run.

EPIST. XIX.

AS often as I read thy letters, I
Rejoyce: & am with good hope fild thereby.
For they in thy behalfe not onely make
A promiſe to me, but doe undertake.
On then, I thee entreat, finiſh thy taske.
For there is nothing I can better aske
Of any friend, then for him make requeſt;
Steale if thou canſt from cares. if not. th' haſt beſt
Snatch thy ſelfe off; we time enough have ſpent
In vanities: Let's be in age content
To pack up our commodities. Then how
Are we to blame? w'have livd at ſea, let's now
Die in the port. Yet thou ſhouldſt not proteſſe
To get a publicke name by thy receſſe:
Which thou muſt neither glory in, nor hide.
For I'll not ſeeke to draw thee ſo aſide,
As out of hatefull fullineſſe to keepe
No company, but in ſome hole to creepe.

Let

Let thy retirement then appeare to us,
But let it not become notorious.
Such as have yet no course of life begun,
May live obscure, and all acquaintance shun.
But thou canst not: the vigour of thy wit,
And learned eloquence adorning it,
Thy noble correspondencies have shown
Thee to the open world: th' art so well known,
That though thou shouldst resolve to lie conceald,
Thy worth by former things will be reveald.
Thou canst not live in darknesse, wonted light
Will find thee out where ere thou takst thy flight.
Without distate of any, without blame
From thine owne selfe, thou quietnes maist claime.
For what shalt thou forsake that thou canst say
Is with ill will forsaken? Clients? they
Doe not seek thee, but something from thee. Friends?
Friendship was value'd once: it now contends
For prey. Will th'old-man whom thou dost forsake
Alter his will? the Client him betake
T' an other gate? no great thing can be bought
At a cheape price. Take this into thy thought,
Whether thou find'st they have relinquish'd thee,
Or some of those things which thy evills be.
I could have wish'd thou hadst remaind within
The bounds of thine own birth, and hadst not bin
Raisd to that height! a quick prosperity
Far from a happy life hath placed thee:
Commands, and governments, and what depends
Thereon: and yet more honour thee attends,
Place after place; what wilt thou have at last?
On what designe will thy vast hopes be cast,

Ere

Ere thou fitſt ſtill? thy full deſire thou't gaine?
That cannot be, for as there is a chaine
Of cauſes whereto fate, they ſay, is knit,
So is there of deſire, and like to it:
One takes beginning from an others end.
To ſuch a kind of life thou do'ſt deſcend,
As of it ſelfe can never come to checke
Thy grievances. Wherefore withdraw thy necke
Worne with the yoake, which to cut off is leſſe
Offenſive than to let it ſtill oppreſſe.
If thou t'a private life ſhalt have recourſe,
All things will be much leſſe, yet will have force
To fill abundantly: whereas the moſt
Now fetcht with charge from many a diſtant coaſt
Will not ſuffice. To which haſt thou moſt mind,
In want t' abound, or be in plenty pind?
Felicity both greedy is, and muſt
Be ſtill expoſd to others greedy luſt.
As long as thou ſhalt unſuffyſ'd abide,
Others with thee will not be ſatisfy'd.
But how (ſayſt thou) ſhall I get off? lay hold
On any meanes. Think with thy ſelfe how bold,
And raſh for money thou haſt often bin:
How diligent that thou might'ſt honour win.
Something muſt be attempted then for reſt:
Or elſe thy dayly paines to manifeſt
Thy care of this mans buſineſſe, now and then
To performe civill offices to men,
Will force thee to grow old in toyle, and dwell
In miſeries, to which thou canſt not tell
Which way with modeſty an end to give.
For what avails it that thy ſelfe wouldſt live

In peace? thy fortun will not: which even yet
If sufferd to grow greater, will beget
As much new feare as profit. I will now
Mecænas quote, who did the truth avow
Even from the racke where favour him had layd:
For height it selfe is with great height dismayd.
If thou inquirst where this is to be read,
'Tis in his booke which is intituled
Prometheus. By which saying this is meant,
That greatnesse hath the greatest discontent.
How then can any power be so much worth,
That thou such words of surfet shouldst bring forth?
He was a man of wit, and like from thence
To have produc'd to Roman eloquence
A great example, had not happinesse
By weakning, nay by guelding made him lesse.
Lo this will be the end, if thou before
Shalt not take in thy sayles, and make to shore,
As he too late intended. I could let
This sentence of *Mecænas* passe for debt:
But thou, if I mistake thee not, wilt hold
It fitter to be payd in coyn that's old.
And therfore *Epicurus* heer shall lend
The money, which for payment I intend.
We ought, says hee, *with seriousnes to think*
Rather with whom, than what we eat and drink.
For they who at flesh meales a friend refuse,
Lead but the life that Wolves and Lions use.
This will not thy condition be, unlesse
Thou dost retire: thou't else, I must confesse,
Have guests, but those thy *Nomenclator* shall
In order from a heard of clients call.

Who

Who hires a ſervant at the door, or makes
Friendſhip with any at a feaſt, miſtakes.
A publick perſon, one that is beſet
With his own happineſs, hath never met
With greater ill, than when he thinks h'hath got
Thoſe men his friends t'whom he himſelfe is not:
Or elſe beleeves that his large courteſies
Beſtowd on men will be ſufficient ties:
Since ſome the more th'are ti'd, the more they hate:
A ſmall debt will a debter alienate,
A great one bring him to turn ſo. What then?
Are benefits no pledges among men?
Yes, if we chuſe receivers; if no waſt
Be made, but that they be with judgement plac't.
Then ſince to be thy ſelfe thou do'ſt begin,
Let this ſage counſell on thy reaſon win,
To think it much concernible to know,
Not what, but upon whom thou doſt beſtow.

EPIST. XX.

IF thou be'ſt well, and thinkſt that thou art grown
So worthy, as at length to be thine own,
I'm glad. For 'twill my glory be, if I
Free thee from ſtorms thou hadſt no hope to fly.
But this I crave, *Lucilius*, and intreat,
That thou wouldſt give Philoſophy a ſeat
Within thy breaſt, and let ſome proof bee ſhown
Of what th'haſt gaynd, not by bare words alone,
And writing, but by conſtancy of mind,
And by thy luſts abatement: Let words find
Credit by actions. They who doe declame,
And ſeek by eloquence to get a name,

Have their deſigns; and they who catch the ears
Of idle youth with vain diſputes, have theirs.
Philoſophy inſtructs to do, and not to ſay:
And requires this of all, her rules t'obay:
That our whole life ſhould with our words agree,
And not by diffrent actions changed bee.
Wiſdomes chief work, and office heerto tend,
That words and deeds drive only at one end.
But who will this perform? Few, yet ſome will.
'Tis difficult: a wiſe man muſt not ſtill
Goe the ſame pace, but ever the ſame way.
Upon this obſervation therfore ſtay:
Does thy apparell and thy houſe diſſent?
Art thou to thine own ſelf munificent,
But ſordid to thy ſervants? Do'ſt thou feed
With frugalneſs, in building yet exceed?
Lay hold upon one certain way to live,
And therby to thy ſelfe directions give.
Some bear it low at home, abroad live high.
There is a fault in this diverſity,
And ſhew's the mind is weak, and cannot guide
It ſelfe, but ſuffers it to ſtart aſide.
And I will now declare to thee whence ſprings
This levity, this diffrence both of things,
And counſels. No man to himſelf propounds
What he would have, or goes upon firm grounds;
Or if he doe, he will not perſevere,
But ſuddainly another courſe will ſtere.
Nor does he only change, but backward look,
Reſuming what with hatred he forſook.
And therfore that I may the courſe decline,
Which th'Ancients uſed wiſdome to define,

And briefly comprehend our lifes whoſe frame;
Wiſedome what is't? To will and nill the ſame.
Yea though we adde not this diſtinction,
That it be alwayes right we goe upon.
For there is nothing that can alwayes pleaſe
Unleſſe' t be right. Moſt men haae this diſeaſe,
They know not but at th'inſtant while their will
Is ſtrongly bent, what will their mind fullfil.
Nay very few doe fully know what they
Would, or would not. Mens judgments always ſtray,
And turn to th' contrary. The greater ſort
Doe for the moſt part make their life a ſport.
Therefore where thou begin'ſt preſſe on: perchance
Thou either to the higheſt ſhalt advance,
Or know alone ther's not a higheſt yet.
But how thoul't ſay, ſhall all my followers get
A livelihood? if thou ſhalt not proceed
To feed that troope, it then it ſelfe will feed:
Or what thy bounty would not let thee know,
Thou ſhalt be ſure thy poverty will ſhow.
This will diſcover true and faithfull friends:
Whoſoever ſhall depart had other ends
Than onely thee to ſerve; for this alone
Should poverty be like'd, it makes it known
Of whom we are belov'd. When ſhalt thou ſee
That day, wherein thy honour will not be
Diſſembled with? let then thy thoughts retire
All hither, thy whole care, and thy deſier.
All other wiſhes to the Gods releaſe,
That with thy ſelfe thou mayſt remaine in peace:
And with the fruits thence growing be content:
For what felicity can repreſent

God more? reduce thy ſelfe to things though ſmall,
Yet ſuch as thou from them canſt never fall.
And that this may be don with willingneſſe,
The tax that on this Letter I aſſeſſe,
Shall furder it, which I from *Epicure*
Will borrow, though thy envy I endure.
Thy words, believe it, will have more renown,
When utterd from a homely couch and gown.
For they will not be ſpoken then alone,
But be for truth by demonſtration known.
And how indeed can I thinke otherwiſe
Of our *Demetrius* ſayings, when he lies
Naked, and little better then in ſtraw?
We then from him not onely precepts draw
Of truth, but teſtimony. What? therefore
May not a man contemne wealth having ſtore?
Why not? that man enjoyes a noble mind,
Who though he takes the wealth that he does find
Is heapt upon him, yet does often ſit
To recollect himſelfe, and laugh at it:
And rather heares he's rich than feeles. 'Tis much
In riches company to have no touch
Of the infection. He's more great that's poore
In midſt of wealth, but he that wants is more
Secure. But thou wilt ſay, I cannot tell
How this would bear't, it into want he fell;
Nor doe I know ſays *Epicure* how hee
That's poore would riches beare, if they ſhould be
Upon him caſt. Therefore we muſt in either
Reſpect the mind, and muſt conſider whether
This can indulgent be to povertie,
Or that to wealth uſe no indulgencie.

For otherwiſe a homely bed and gown
Are but ſlight arguments, unleſs't be known
Whether he of his own accord does chuſe them,
Or through neceſſity be forc'd to uſe them.
But the minds greatneſſe then is manifeſt,
When we make haſt to theſe things as the beſt,
And thinke them eaſy too: for ſure they are
Eaſy: and if, *Lucilius*, thoul't prepare
Them with premeditated thoughts to greet,
Believe it thou wilt alſo find them ſweet:
For therein that eſpecially does lie,
Without which nothing's ſweet, ſecurity.
Wherefore I judge it neceſſary now,
And great men, as I ſay, have don't, t'allow
Some certaine dayes, our plentifull eſtate
To lay as't were aſide, and imitate
True, by imaginary poverty.
And this ſo much the rather we ſhould trie,
Becauſe we drenched are in dayly pleaſure,
And all attempts as difficult doe meaſure.
We muſt be rouſd from ſleepe with a ſharpe touch,
And ſhewd that nature ſtands us not in much:
For no man is borne rich, whoſoere is ſent
Into the world is bid to be content
With milke and clouts: from theſe beginnings we
With Kingdomes hardly can ſufficed be.

The order is intermitted in the two following Epiſtles.

EPIS.

EPIST. XXVI.

I Told thee lately old-age did appeare
To be before me: now, I rather feare,
Tis left behind me. Therefore some new terme
Must fit theſe yeares, this body ſo infirme.
Becauſe indeed old age is chiefly meant
Of age that's weary, not of age that's ſpent.
Put me among decrepit men, and ſuch
As ready are the brinke of life to touch.
Yet I rejoyce with thee that I do find
Times injury in body, not in mind.
For vices onely, and what ſerv'd t'uphold
And miniſter to vices, are grown old.
My mind is lively and is joyfull too
That with the body' t'has not much to doe.
A great part of the burthen that oppreſt
The ſoul, is off. She ſhips, and does conteſt
With me 'bout age. She ſays it is her youth.
And we may well believe it to be truth:
Shee then improves. I joy to thinke what I
Owe in this time of reſt and modeſty
To wiſdome, what to age: and ſtrictly ſearch
What things I cannot, what I would not reach.
And whether I can any thing effect,
Which I would rather utterly reject.
For if I cannot doe a thing that's bad,
Then that I cannot doe it, I am glad.
What dammage therefore can a man pretend,
When he finds that which ought to end, to end?
It is the greateſt damage thou wilt ſay,
To waſt, to pine, or rather melt away.

For

For we are not with ſudden violence
Layd proſtrate, but are gently carry'd hence.
Each day draws ſomthing from our ſtrength. What
Can then be better than to puffe out breath (death
When nature's ſpent? not that ther's any ill
In wounds, or other accidents which kill.
But becauſe this is a more eaſie way
To be with-drawn after a ſoft decay.
For my part, as if tryall were at hand,
And that day, to whoſe ſentence I muſt ſtand
For all my times expence, I'm thus prepard
To ſay: whatſ'ever I have yet declard
By deeds or words is nothing: thoſe I find
To be deceitfull pledges of my mind:
And were wrapt up in many a n outward ſhow;
I muſt truſt death if I the truth would know.
I do not therefore fearefully expect
That day, wherein I plainly ſhall detect,
Whether when arts and fallaces depart,
I ſpeake great things, or have them in my heart.
Whether I wore a vizard to diſguiſe
When I with boldneſſe fortun did deſpiſe.
Remove men's eſtimation which is ſtill
Uncertaine, and miſtakes both good and ill.
Remove thy ſtudies, thy whole life's chiefe care,
And death of thee true judgement will declare.
This I would ſay: diſputes and learnd diſcourſe,
And all that obſervation can enforce
From precepts of wiſe men, with readineſſe
Of language, cannot the minds ſtrength expreſſe.
For many very timerous, and weake
In reſolution, often boldly ſpeake.

It plainly will appeare what thou hast don
When my foule is departing. I'll not shun
The judgement: but will chearfully assent
To the condition. This to me is meant.
Yet thou must also thinke that I impart
My mind to thee. 'Tis true thou yonger art?
What's that? Yeares are not numbered. 'Tis a doubt
In what place death will come to find thee out.
And therefore be thou ready to embrace
And meet him willingly in any place.
But I would end this Letter, and my hand
Is neare the close. Yet rites, I understand,
Must be performd, and portage must be payd.
I need not tell on whom the charge is layd.
Thou knowst whose chest I use. Doe thou but stay
A while, and I my selfe these debts will pay.
In the meane time disbursement I'll procure
Of this intended sum from *Epicure*,
Who thus hath said. *Think whether't be more fit*
That death should come to us, or we to it.
The meaning of these words does open lie.
It is a noble worke to learne to die.
'Tis needlesse, thou perhaps wilt say, to learne
What we can use but once? we may discerne
The reason of the needfulnesse from thence.
For when we cannot have experience
That we have learn'd: we are oblig'd therby
To practise such a thing continually.
Contemplate death, He bids us, who says so,
Contemplate freedome. Who to die does know,
Knows not to serve: he ore all power prevailes,
At least is out of it. What then are Jailes

To him; or hideous dungeons which do more
Afflict? he alwayes findes an open dore.
There is one chaine that binds us faſt. The love
Of life: which though we ſhould not quite remove,
Yet we ſhould looſen ſo, that, when ther's cauſe,
Nothing ſhould hinder us, or make us pauſe
With courage, and alacrity to run
And do that quickly which muſt once be don.

EPIST. XLI.

THou ſeekſt a ſafe and profitable thing,
If thou endeavour'ſt, as thou writ'ſt, to bring
Thy mind to become good. It is but vaine
To wiſh, what from thy ſelfe thou maiſt obtaine.
We need not lift our hands to Heaven, nor crave
The Sexton's leave that we acceſſe may have
To th'eares of th'image, as if then we were
More eas'ly heard. For God to us is neare:
Is with us, nay within us. This I ſay,
There is a ſacred ſpirit that does ſtay
And reſt in us: and is our guardian too,
Obſerving all the good and ill we doe:
And us, as we uſe it, it alwayes uſes.
No man is good till God the good infuſes.
Who can without him above fortune riſe?
In great deſignes with him we muſt advife.
In all good men (although we cannot tell,
What God) a God undoubtedly does dwell.
If thou to ſom thick wood ſhould'ſt come by chance,
Whoſe ancient trees their lofty heads advance
'Bove comõn height: whoſe arms are ſpred between
Each other ſo, no ſun-ſhine can be ſeen.

The trees ſo tall: the place ſo ſtill: the ſhade
So ſtrange, that wonder does thy thoughts invade:
And this in midſt of a large champion ſet,
Will inſtantly religious thoughts beget.
And if we find a cave in rocks much worne,
By which a hanging mountaine is upborne:
Not made by hands, but by meere nature brought
To ſuch a hollowneſſe: it ſtrikes a thought
Of ſome Divinity to be implord.
The heads of mighty rivers are ador'd:
The deep eruptions of vaſt floods do claime
Their Altars, and we conſecrate a name
To ſourſes of warme waters, and ſome lakes
A ſhadineſſe, or deepneſſe ſacred makes.
When we behold a man not ſcar'd with danger,
Untoucht with luſts, to vaine delights a ſtranger:
Happy in adverſe fortun, quiet, when
Tempeſtuous ſtormes rage moſt: tranſcending men,
And equalling the gods: will not our ſence
Tell us we ought this man to reverence?
Will we not ſay this doubtleſſe is ſome Being
Greater and higher far, than is agreeing
To reaſon, to believe that it can be
Like to the little body which we ſee?
Some heavenly vertue thither ſure deſcends.
A mind that's fixt, and for true worth contends:
That ſlights, as quite beneath it all things heere,
And laughs at what we either wiſh or feare,
Muſt needs b'inſpird: a thing that ſo ore-tops
The reſt, ſubſiſts not but by heavenly props.
And therefore the chiefe part of ſuch a mind
Deſcends not hither, but remaines behind.

As the sun-beames do seeme to touch the earth,
But remaine there from whence they were sent forth,
Even so a great and holy mind, although
(That we Divine things may more nearly know)
It does converse with us, yet never leaves
It's place, but to it's first beginning cleaves.
There it depends, and thither strives: and is
That part of us which is our onely blisse.
But what is that? a mind that's understood
To leane on nothing but its proper good.
For how can greater foolishnesse be shown,
Than to prayse men for what is not their owne?
Or with great admiration to be struck
At that, which from thee other men may pluck?
A golden bridle betters not a horse.
A Lyon with a guilded maine, by force
And want of wood ranck'd, that out of feare
With a submissive readinesse will beare
Whatsoever is impos'd, is lookt upon
In a much different condition
From him that is un-awd, and is intire
In courage. This, (as nature does require)
Fierce in assaults, in dreadfull fury, gay:
And terrible in countenance (which may
Be cald his beauty) far transcends that cold
And stupid Lyon, though adorn'd with gold.
We prayse a vine if it with grapes abound:
If with the weight of fruit it touch the ground,
Who will preferr before this, as a vine,
That which with golden grapes, & leaves do shine?
A vines true worth by fruitfullnesse is known,
And man commended is for what's his own.

He hath a gallant family: is poſſeſt
Of a faire houſe: he lends at intereſt:
Plants and ſowes much. All theſe things are not h,
But are about him. That alone can win
And merit a juſt prayſe, which never can
Be given, or be taken from a man,
Which is his properry. But wouldſt thou find
What is that properry? it is the mind,
And in the mind right reaſon. For by nature
A man is found a rationable creature.
To finiſh then his good he ought to doe
Compleatly that which he is borne unto,
But what is that right reaſon does direct
A man to doe? what he hath power t'effect:
In all things his own nature to conſult,
But common madneſſe makes this difficult.
We thruſt each other into vice. How then
Can any be reduc'd to goodneſſe, when
No man to hinder wickedneſſe will ſtrive,
But into viciouſneſſe the people drive?

FINIS.

Reader, the Author being out of Town, hath occaſioned divers faults to be committed in the Printing of the foregoing Epiſtles; for which the Printer intreats thee to make a favourable interpretation: ſome wherof are heer ſet down.

Page 16 line 1. read know. p. 21. l. 16. r. It will. p. 22. l. 10. r. teach. p. 33 l 25. r. he is not bleſt who is. p. 35. l 1. r. witneſſes. p. 38. l. 14 r. 'fore our eyes. p. 39. l. 21. r. Genius. p. 40. l. 16. r. drown's. p. 41. l. laſt, r. he uſd himſelfe. p. 42. l. 3. r. aery muſick. p. 46. l. 13. r. by this. p. 47. l. 14. r. that moſt men. p. 50. l. 12. r. variety. p. 58 l. 10. r. th'aſt got. p. 66. l. 3. r. this to me. ibid. l. 21. r. riot gets. p. 71. l. 22. after Snatch thy ſelfe off: inſert, wee time enough have ſpent in vanities.

Reader, the Author being out of Town, hath occasioned divers faults to be committed in the Printing of the foregoing Epistles; for which the Printer intreats thee to make a favourable interpretation: some whereof are heer set down.

Page 16 line 1. read know. p. 21. l. 16. r. It will. p. 22. l. 10. r. teach. p. 33. l. 25. r. he is not [illegible]. p. 35. l. 1. r. [illegible]. p. 38. l. 14. r. sore cur eves. p. 39. l. 21. r. Gomus. p. 40. l. 16. r. drown's. p. 41. l. last, r. he usd himself. p. 42. l. 3. r. [illegible]. p. 46. l. 13. r. by this. p. 47. l. 13. r. that most men. p. 50. l. 10. r. variety. p. 58. l. 10. r. th'ast got. p. 66. l. 3. r. [illegible]. ibid. l. 21. r. not gets. p. 71. l. 22. after [illegible] which thy selfe est: [illegible], we [illegible] enough have spent in vanities.

So